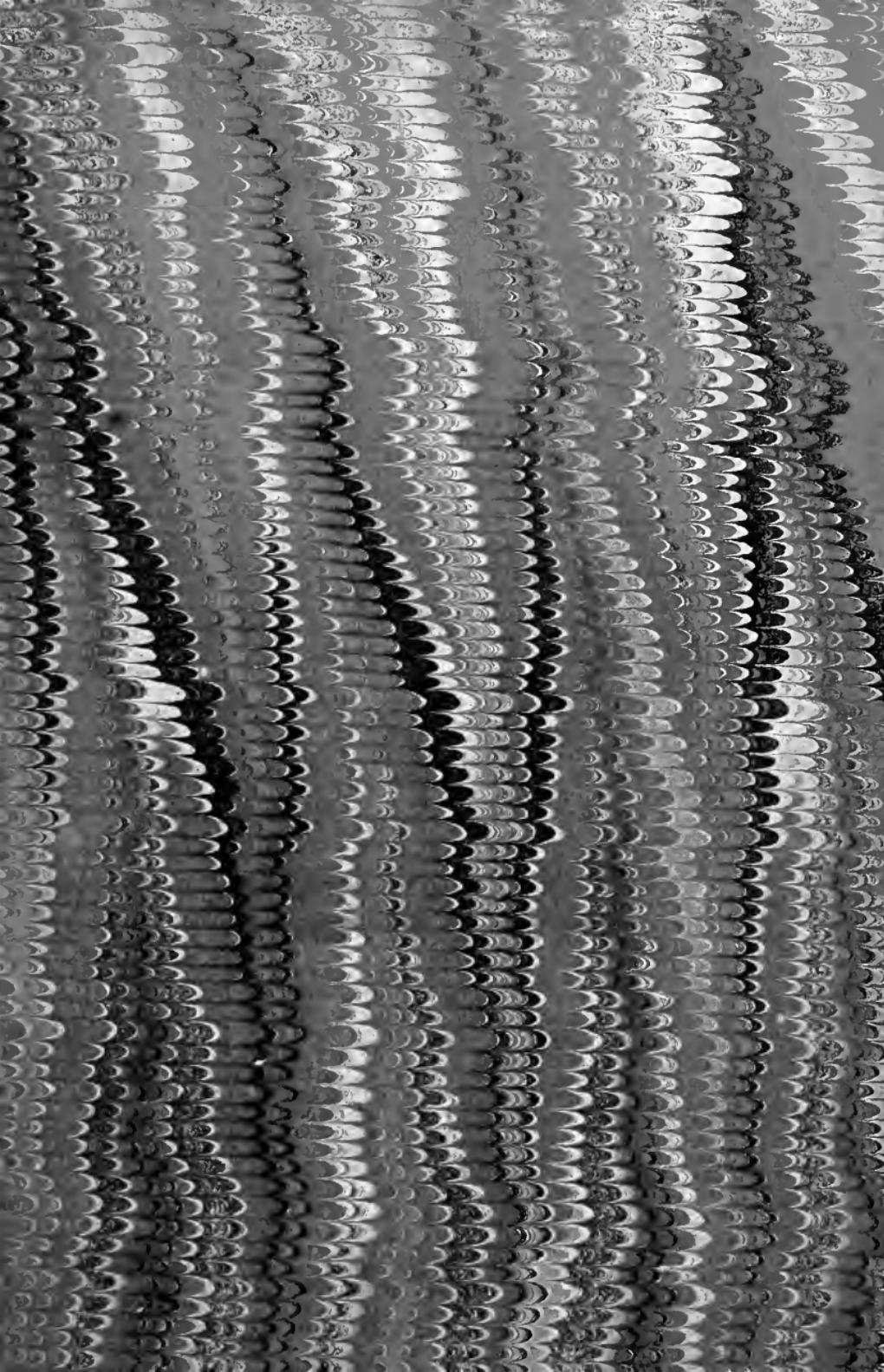


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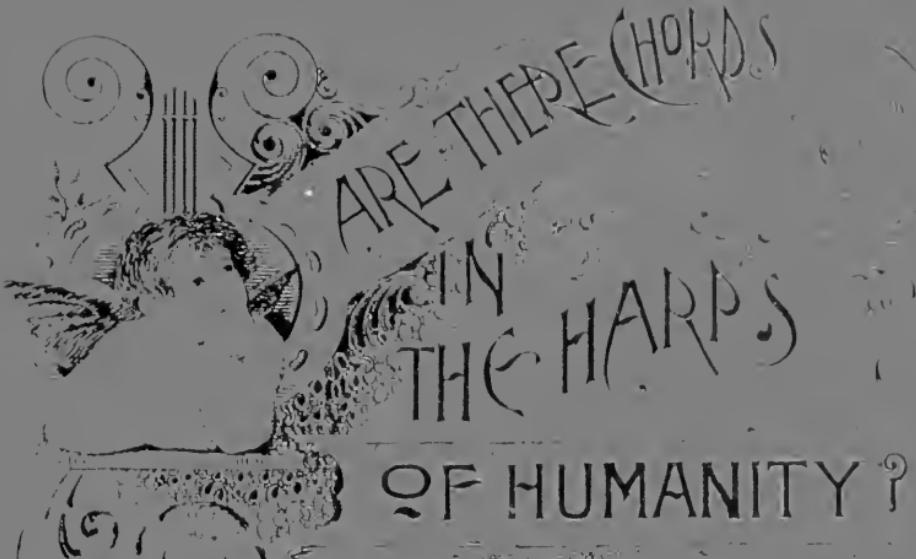
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











ARE THERE CHORDS IN THE HARPS OF HUMANITY?

BY

SUMNER STANDISH

Author of

THE-SA-ACK
A TALE
OF THE
YOSEMITE
VALLEY

IT'S
ALL
IN
THE
HEART
YOU
KNOW.

THE
FORTUNE
TELLER'S
DREAM.











Stella Standish

Are there Chords In the Harps of Humanity?

BY

BT
Vienna

STELLA STANDISH,

AUTHOR OF "TIS-SA-ACK," "IT'S ALL IN THE HEART, YOU
KNOW; OR, THE FORTUNE TELLER'S DREAM."



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DEDICATION.

THIS BOOK

IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED TO THOSE WHO SACREDLY AFFIRM

TO THE

SILENT SOUND OF THE VOICELESS VOICE

OF THE

KEY-NOTE OF THE TITLE.

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1894.

A NOTE.

The manner in which the manuscript for this book came into my possession is revealed in its pages; therefore, I have only to add, that in New York City, early one morning, the bell to my rooms rang.—I opened the door. The tall and graceful Bona Dea, who—like a haunting thought—had followed me, spiritfully stepped in; hastily saying:—"I am to depart within an hour for Chicago, and shall soon go still farther north-west. I feel that my time for gaining educational experience by traveling, is limited; and think that within a year, or two, I shall be settled in a home and continue my ideal life." For, said she, extending her arms horizontally right and left:—"We have but to extend our arms and a cross is formed, in the centre of which is borne by each of us our part of the great Universal Plan of the Evolution of the Universe, upon which is the rock of the ages—Love!—and developed only when the arms can fall to entwine and enshrine it in a home!"

From Wynona, Minnesota, a few days ago I received from her by express, a package containing a small red-wood box in which were a pair of passementerieed satin slippers that evidently had been worn:—in one of these I found a note instructing that I place all his letters in the right and all hers in the left slipper. In the right slipper I put one small, thin, unopened letter; which I doubt that she ever saw, as I packed the slippers in the

orange flowers which came in the redwood box; these last two I knew she must have obtained from California.

I sent them immediately to her; since then I have not known her address and can only hope I may one day have the pleasure, yes—an esteemed privilege—of visiting her in her home.

STELLA STANDISH.

Among the numerous persons whom I had permitted to read the manuscript of this book, are many who have since written expressing a desire to more fully comprehend some of the ideas merely hinted, and asking that I kindly explain. Although I have in each instance answered as best my knowledge permitted, I here extend to them my pleasure of their interest. More especial is my appreciation, as inquiries were largely from young gentleman and young ladies. S. S.

ARE THERE CHORDS IN THE HARPS
OF HUMANITY ?



“Just when I seemed about to learn,
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.”

ARE THERE CHORDS IN THE HARPS OF HUMANITY?

"In a kingdom of halcyon breath,—
I gaze on the marvel of love—"

It was during a tour through the San Joaquin Valley, California, that, at the residence of a mutual friend, an Attorney-at-Law from a near northern town,—who was taking a vacational trip which extended to San Diego—California—was introduced to me.

Being a literary critic, he presented me with a criticism upon my unpublished story and requested that it remain unread until after my departure.

Later, finding the criticism complimentary, a correspondence as follows ensued.

Calif. Nov. 24, '91.

Mr. —

Dear Sir:

I have been for some days thinking to thank you for your concise criticism upon my literary effort:—that you should know I am pleased—is just.

It is a feeling of gratitude prompts expression, as also the pleasing sketch of your life, and your aspiration to higher growth.

That I should stand in presence of one who so approaches an ideal God—pardon me—was a revelation.

Keats says—I quote inquiringly:—"Where is the face that one would always see?"—It must be little less than that of a God's!

Often, far adrift from else, shall I dream of that home of the Gods beneath fair southern skies, and as the heart quickens when new love's born—so do we love to be taught its glory.

But the willing pen aside must lie erst acceptance tire.

Respectfully,

—Calif. Nov. 29th, '94.

My Dear Miss.—

Your kind letters of some days since, received. Your thanks for favors, shown you while at our friends, are very kindly received. Permit me to disclaim the need of any praise for doing what any true gentleman must do.

You know I always found you very pleasant and was very happy while in your company. I was sorry you departed so soon, as now it seems more lonesome; as you know, is always the case after pleasant association, but the sweets of life always have their sorrows; those sorrows can be made less intense by memory of past kindnesses, and a hope of future rememberance.

Please do not think me perfect. Perfection is no plant that grows on soil mortal, but an attribute of the Gods. But pardon me, I could not chide a friend so kind and destroy memories true and dear.

Life is as we make it, real, earnest, true and noble, or following the extremes that *seem* to please us well, but

lead to the slope where sits the shadow, feared of man, we are unhappy, undone. Nature has a true smile for all. Giving it heed, we are guided to a noble realization of the purpose in man and the harmonies in human nature. Are there chords in the harps of humanity? Are there harmonies to be guided, protected, and revered? Perhaps, listless, we pass them by; perhaps unnoticed, or unfelt, they fall. They have gone—not to the Lesbian shores.

Often have I been lost in reverie beneath a southern sky. The moonlight, playing on the silvery lake and river; the hills and valley clothed in garments of white; the plain vanishing until its distinctness is lost in the beauties of a silvery horizon, make me admire and love the home beneath the southern stars, and sometimes, almost chide nature for being more kind to some latitudes than others.

But you will tire of my idle dream, so I will wish you success and happiness, and if agreeable will be pleased to hear from you again.

Very Respectfully,

—. —. —

Villa del — Dec. 9th, 1891.

Mr. —

Dear Sir:

Your very welcome letter was received in due time. Yet business sometimes, pleasure sometimes, and sometimes reflection delays the wished return of thought.

And you would be pleased to hear from me again? Well—you shall. An inexpensive gift it is, yet little very little have I to tell. Not of Ancestral Halls and Fair Divinities can I write; and if there be in modern

days a queen to reign, she whose self and consciousness knows best of God, wears richest crown.

A volume, many volumes are in the thought, and when we cease to *think*—but *know*, though long the way, our doom's no worse than first to be a God and then—be *God*. Ah, Glorious Morning, is all there is of life! One long and beautiful dawning. Deep rugged ways do but enrich the ever opening pathway; the leaves are turned, new interestedness leads the happy wanderers on. O, who can mourn when life is all so grand. True, we must feel pity, deeply wrung from the fount of love within when the common life is viewed. I say common life, I know I am much *alone*. We feel oftentimes as though a language strange—incomprehensible to most—is ours. Environed by these barriers, we break away, to Gods and self.

O, do not speak of Idle Dreams—there are none such; they are the clefts on the hillsides wherein we may refresh our weary souls. Weariness needs not know unhappiness, oftentimes are we not most happy when wearied most? Yet toil brings soon its rich reward. And life is not without, within, the rather. The falling stone seeks not the vibrating wave, but with accumulated speed inertly finds its resting place while its unconsciously cast powers the greater souls admire, unconsciously its consciousness goes on and so we move; did you feel that I passed you, or I that you were near, thus, consciousness is more akin, and so the whole world moves. Correspondences are felt, really nothing is inanimate. And so the niceties, the purities, the levers which did hold them up, careless we let them fall, because, that now we have become new ones again we need, less rugged, far more subtle; and so old habits go until if, upon the ashes of the past we look, we might abhor, nor need we even cast a retrospective glance, say, this is done, is gone, is past, and we are ‘Passing on’;

and now, to-day, what shall we cast aside. Only say it shall be done, one evil habit gone, one unkind thought never to be harbored more, the drunkards cup, the profane word, untidy habit, anything that we may nearer become a God; and so the dusty house, the outer self, if tidy kept will live its added days.

O, will you pardon me? My wayward pen is wild again. How good it is for me that I must need meet the people of my day or in my well loved solitude I would deem the world even now a heaven.

Here the grand, gorgeous, lingering and far away sunsets. At Merced the rainbow out from under which the cars seemed to glide when leaving that beautiful city. And that which favorably impresses one, in the gentle, sturdy, industry of the City of the Stanislaus—Modesto.

A something which I knew must be a lifelong memory-pleasure, filled my heart when leaving our friend's residence. At Vallejo the charmingly playful, boldly brilliant sunsets that seemed to frolic at one's feet, that we might almost gather up like lilies of the field, Vallejo Bay, that watery garden blossoms like the Night Blooming Ceres, or the earlier Four o'clock; a city of Artists-at-Home and Beautiful Sunsets! All these, something every-where to fill to overflowing the heart, the soul with love. Can Gods be better blest! Then we must have food and raiment. The lilies of the field toil not, but their monadic life gathers in, as there is no indivisibility of matter, that spirit incomprehensible infinitessimal—that small spark is sufficient for the lily, and ours the same, of greater growth, can we not trust its power and lean upon the oar! O that word gentleness, tenderness, "A soul to be known and loved because it is known." One who can plead for Truth because that one is Truth.

I have wandered out into the world again! To pity, —to pity and not have pity's presence felt, this is noble

but it is a study, yet when that subtle powers goes forth, which lifts the pitied up, wakes deadened consciousness to pride, then it is pity pure, which grows the plant, perfection.

The foregoing pages were written under difficulties rather; but if you deem them interesting and their writer worthy a remembrance of the kind, I am sure it will add to the brightness of her pathway.

Respectfully.

Christmas, — O joyous day! My soul—why sad? And
am I ill?

Yes ill! Has death passed near? I feel it so—so lonely.
The cold white Fig-trees how chill, how still! Yet
this is

Christmass, gay! But why this mazy mist of distant
hope?

Come night! Come morn!

Villa del—— Dec. 26th, 1891.

My Dear Mr.——

Since last I wrote you there has occured something, which—although Merry, Laughing Christmas was so near, and ambitious New Year impatiently awaited not a fortnight off—brought a current of sadness to this Villa home.

You have not written, yet I feel I must tell you of a loss. The first of the week we read a notice of the death of Hon. J. M. R.—of M. His was the first published criticism upon my story. Mrs. S. of M. wrote that he was ill. My friend and I were so grieved that I wrote at once expressing my sympathy, also my regrets at

having seen him so little while there; and said that if I ever had a home where I could entertain him, I wished him to come and spend a whole month in visit.

That he so soon passed from earthsome shadows to true reposing life! His going I feel is loss to me. I admired, and more, I felt the purity of a High Over Soul, when in his presence;—sixty-three fleeting years were his, but their traces gleamed with keenfelt beauty. I am sad that no more will that kind sympathetic voice gladden my way. Gone, gone! I wanted to say to someone, I am sad, selfishly sad, and so I turned to you; —excuse me—I have few correspondents, almost none, you are so near a stranger, yet I trust you will pardon. There are so few persons whom I think do understand that the pure and true in heart dare be a little less formal because of that broad growth. I presume you have passed here on your journey farther South. Yesterday, Christmas, I thought so much about my lost friend, and you—that I said I will write. Villa del—is rude, rough yet, but I almost regret I had not asked you to call upon us here, yet I feared you would not care to call.

In less than a week I bid goodbye to this Villa. “It may be for years—it may be forever!” Next year’s roses will bloom—not for me, the Hollyhocks will smile to other appreciation, every growth that has unfolded its secrets to me alone, will keep them now. Everything says--goodbye, so kindly--so sweetly. Truly you say—“Nature has a true smile for all.” She has indeed for me. It takes time to make her acquaintance, and lingers ever her deep impressions.

No doubt your Christmas was cheery and joyous, and may your New Year develop your highest, brightest hopes unmarred by the lonely word—*Gone!*

As you have not written, I presume this is another

goodbye—which makes me almost wish, if so,—you had not been so kind.

Despite my theory, with falling leaves and dying year, the mercury of my cheerfulness is fallen low. It will rise again with budding Spring—I trust.

Goodbye,

Very cordially,

—Calif. Jan. 2d, '92.

To Miss.—.

My Kind Friend: After my pleasant vacation, I am once more at home, and ready for the remainder of my year's work. I feel quite equal to the task now, but fear I will become very weary before my summer vacation. When I left you at the train at L—, I was not sure but I would be ill for some days. Forbodings have not proven true—and you may believe me I am glad—I am not sorry. I have had but little rest since, as there are several of my former fellow students with me and you know we must be happy while the opportunity presents itself.

Opportunities are golden to those who seldom meet and join in telling the stories of student days, reviewing the past that never comes again. We have walked together to our class with a goodly conscience; friends now that are scattered like leaves o'er the forest.

Well we are happy, but the days that are past are gone and the duty of the present is our aim.

I wish I could have gone to the City for a short time, as I know I would have enjoyed my visit there, and no doubt would have been better prepared for, and happier in my work.

I suppose you have completed your work and will soon leave the city. I know you will be happy, even if you leave your old home. Contentment is the word that expresses complete happiness.

If the aim in life is complete living, why should we not realize the full meaning of the word—(contentment.)

For fear this will not find you in the City, I will make it brief.

From your friend

Someway this letter did not satisfy me, and these thoughts forced themselves upon me:—

‘Tis vain to plead where love’s a coward,
Poor hope will bleed and soon lie dead;--
Thy love, too, soon by despair dowered
Lies ’neath Earth’s cold, chill blasts shrouded.

Lone Soul,—hast thou no Duplicate:—
Lone Love,—turn thou to Self and Gods.—
Lone Hope, Die! ’tis but human fate;—
And Truth. Thy staff. The else—what odds.

Yet I answered.

San Francisco, Jan. 4, '92.

My Dear Mr.——

Your letter received. I thank you very, very much that you are so kind as to let me hear from you to-night. I waited Saturday to see if there would be a letter, I was so anxious. I then went to the Mechanics Exchange and found in the——, of Thursday, that which led me to think you were not ill. To night I rejoiced at the superscription, but when I opened it and you were really well.—so many times I have said—O Gods

preserve him!—And so they have. I will not arrogate to myself any credit, that I prayed them to—it is enough, they have!

So many of my friends the Gods have taken. “And, O, the difference to me.” O if some appreciative person would let me sometimes put my head upon their shoulders and weep my loneliness, away. O some Avatar be guard and guide for me! O for a soul that can plead for Truth because that soul is Truth! The leaves, the trees, the birds, the mountains know—and the rivers to the ocean run to say they know my soul.

When I saw you, heard your low, sweet, tender voice, saw what depth of soul you have, saw so much of my own soul’s fancy builded structure that for years I have longed to see—was it strange I listened, was it strange I drank almost life giving nectar when you spoke? Was it strange I stayed one evening more at our friends because you were there? Was it strange I framed an excuse and wrote you the first letter? Was it strange I did not answer your first letter for many days because I would then look and hope for your second; and I did not know that my ill health could keep me up if I should be disappointed:—And I only *must guess*—and maybe wrongly—that there was not some lady, somewhere, to whom you perhaps owed your letters and your time. I grasped at the straws which you cast afloat and thought they meant you wished to become better acquainted, and then the sunshine darkened when I knew I would never see my lost friend to whom I intended to tell all my soul’s sadness. Christmas came, I said: *he—you*, will not let Christmas pass without writing a merry word to me! I could not enjoy a Merry Christmas thought, nor taste of Christmas dainties. I went to the Theatre to induce a person to go who had never seen a star actress.—I worked to drown the loneliness. The day after Christmas—sick—I wrote you

the letter, third to your one. I could not help it—
pardon me, pardon me, and that morning when we met
at the train, you returning to your home, and I to San
Francisco, without any letter yet from you, I was to pass
our friends, I hardly thought you were there; but I was
to pass there, to leave you forever it seemed. When you
stepped off the cars I was in the waiting-room looking
over Shirly—thus endeavoring to withdraw from re-
membrance; then I met you. I felt the blood rush to
my cheeks. It seemed the world was filled with rain-
bows!—You said:—"Have you been *well?*" and your
tender gentle voice *so kind*, I will hear that till I die:
—"Have you been well?"—I could not say no, when
such music met my ears—I must have been well—I must
have been dreaming. Life was changed. I was aba-
shed that I could not have been stronger—mentally and
physically. I thought the Gods sent you to me—and
you would write to me! I was so sorry I had written
two letters without one from you, for now, you said
you would write me! I thought maybe I could still hide
my over anxiety to have you become a dear friend—
by asking you to not read my third letter which you
would find when you reached home, but toss in the fire:
and then someway I was cast within myself and could
scarcely speak after that.

San Francisco, Jan. 6, '92.

My Dear Mr.—

As my birthday is nearing, I shall try to finish the
work of my past year. Work is, and always has been
my destiny. I can ill afford to be ill. I hoped to be
able to read in public this year, but you know one must
be strong enough to have magnetic hold upon the audi-

ence. Now I will speak of the pencilated letter, although my friend wrote that, it was mine, give *me* the credit; I was and am yet proud of it. I am proud of myself that I can think and can care so much for any person as to not always observe the niceties of society's painful rules. One dizzy minute on the cars that day, and the pleasure almost divine of meeting you would have passed, but I said no, not to me shall it pass; and it was a supremely happy hour, it lengthened and evolved. I lived a little lifetime in that short space. The clouds and sunshine alternating, the world's bright rainbows dispersed, but finally settled in reality—in visionary clearness to each of us, low—near the earth. I said this is emblematical, if ourselves were more divine, less earthly, that rainbow's beautiful arch would not be obscured. I tried to waken you;—you were drowned in thought. I am a poor conversationist perhaps because I have lived alone so very much. I speak too much with the time of my pen. Too slowly for the quick heart's rush and cheek's warm flush. You might have been in thought of other days, other friends, I ceased to intrude—and builded fairy castles in fairy vales, with conserved Holy Ghost flowers. Your pale face as one, and as the dove I nestled there, *happy*. Stony, sad, yet living intensely were you. I thought it mental pain you suffered. It might have been, it might have been for love, far, far away in some God-land—my sense was too obtuse to tell.

I believe yet it was mental suffering—But I rejoiced, for one who can feel intensely—lives well! Lives more than of the earth—has much of heaven within. Yours is a grand—noble soul; from which I may be at distance held; or—be its communicative friend—as you will—I ever shall worship at its shrine. You have affected me strangely. I have been made ill by the power, better by the higher worship. Now I think I am thousands

better prepared to rejoice as time flashes by from the ever rolling *Forever*.

That day's ride, the cold atmosphere at the wharf, the time of night, and all combined to effect my eyes, so that night I could not use them to write to you. Mental suffering with your ill health, as you said:—"Someway I have not been well!"—might prostrate you; you had said mortality was great where you had been—and I was so fearful you would be very sick—would die. Could I respect my own soul if I had not written to ask of your health?

My friend remonstrated, said she could not write; but, I said she she must; my stationery was in my valise at the station—on an old Social Invitation I found an envelope, took part of a leaf from my book, in which you wrote your name, wakened my landlady to procure a stamp, and almost stamped my foot to have my friend write—she was so nervous and tired—I took it proudly and went to the Post Box, while she insisted—do not send it;—but I was proud and happy that I could feel such soul sympathy for soul as to obscure the common question of propriety. Yes! and too often a deceitful propriety.

I have a friend who some years ago wrote me a letter upon over gratitude; he is a physician, he said in one instance, an old sciatical rheumatic maiden—lady—whom he cured gratuitously—was so very grateful she seemed never to cease trying to exhibit that trait, and she would have been glad to have had him become a widower, that she—to still show gratitude—might have saddled herself upon him for life.

Well, like the material world all things should have balance, so, maybe, I have exhibited undue gratitude to you;—but I have exhibited myself as I *am*, not as I am not, which is always best. It is not the question with me—dare I do this or that, and what will someone think

—but, is my *best self* doing this or that, and does it make me unselfishly happy. In your last you spoke of your friends, mates of former years, like leaves—numerous—you have them. O this is much, much to make you happy. Your proud and noble bearing with them, your determination to have a record of life near to perfection, for I see you handle that record as the Gods do handle souls—this should give you supreme happiness. In your vacations you can read out and away from the straightened lines of common educational narrowness into the broad realms of the true life and there find the climax of all happiness, intermingling, in the airy gaieties of the passing breezes; the time of your next vacation will soon be the present, only a few months in the Span—and you will live them well, they are yours but once—and you will never say them *lost*. The many advancing experiences in your profession, your clients—unconscious that there are no accidents in life, that each follows the the thread of his or her own weaving—will be studies pleasing;—and the vast influence sent forth during this span of time is too elevating but be a source of happiness.

As is natural I see more to make your future outwardly happy than is apparently in mine. I rejoice at this; I would not have another as I, nor is it so, each has his or her own accumulations; we are but the sum of our experiences. From the sum of our experiences we have but one remainder, manipulate it as we will. Our character is all, is all, is what we are, our character—the sum of our experiences! This robes our soul, is all its dressing, is all our happiness, is our eternities' best self. Our letters to and from our friends—siftings many times from the sweets of life, bouquets of memory's language, soul photographs. Ah!—O yes, you will be happy! Of my happiness—by contrast I have no fellow-students. It was not for me to acquire an

education with that pleasure. I am a wild flower of the world, gathering but from the breezes, showers, sunshines and storms; perhaps, much overbalanced by storms, which gives strength. Frail physically!—On the succulent and tender stem hangs the beautiful and delicate lady-slipper; and beneath the umbrella drooped May-apple's top lies that which can restore to health or change to death's level the human form. Who can tell where and how much of psychic strength in anything is held? Psychic power to me is growth of soul, grown carefully and slowly, which makes the spirit of all things visible; it may dissolve the scientists' philosophy to know from whence, and where, and unto what, and why, to see whence all things end, to watch the great evolving action in the thunder's home, in silent night and bursting morn, is happiness. To see the engine's plunge from the fearful pier and be happy; deduce therefrom the ethical esoteric lesson adduced, is sweet erudition, this gemmation, this budding forth of deeper vision calms first and most my spirit always. My religion is settled, in that I have perfect contentment and happiness. My queer trip was a great source of study and productiveness. I know the world better and think it better than before. Do not weary with your work, it has its fair remuneration—a happy factor.

This is Friday, the eighth—my birthday. I have a kind of reverential regard for birthdays—tell me when yours occurs.

Trusting this little novellette will find you well and happy, I am the same always.

Your friend,

The two letters, dated January 4-6, were mailed in one envelope January 8th. As I had retained a copy of my third letter, fearing he might surmise its contents

wrongly, and as I had that day on the cars, requested him to toss it in the fire, I again mailed him that, upon the evening of the seventh.

—, Calif., Jan. 9, 1892.

My Dear Miss—

You are very kind to pay me such flattering compliments; I know I am not worthy of them. I appreciate your earnestness and frankness, because I seldom meet friends who are willing to lay aside conventionalism, revealing themselves in their true nature. It is a sad and unfortunate reality to know and feel that each moment must have its sayings and doings hidden from, or presented in the garments of deceit, to a conventional world. I have seen much, I say, very much of the stern realities of noble character hushed into silence, driven back, cast in the shadowy past, sink into oblivion. Noble deeds live after us, though the world seeks to bury them with us. Open hearts, if truth beams forth, have a righteous reward. Realities hidden beneath the cloak of policy, that fiend who gnaws at the social heart of many a, otherwise, true man or woman, will some day blast the hopes, dispoil the home, drive the penates into exile, leaving nothing but the chared remains of a structure built on the foundation of deceit and—must I say crime! It is a social and moral crime; for what should be more sacred than the revelations of friend to friend, or the confidence of true friendship. Truth crushed to earth must rise and the true character will beam forth. If good, the sparks struck off from its gleaming light will kindle a flame in a hundred souls; a flame that may be the guiding star of a nation, an angel of peace and happiness.

We cannot too carefully protect and foster the little truths, they are the factors of the sum, *Truth*. Taking

care of the members of the body politic, the nation will progress in wisdom and treasure all that is just and noble; thus the true soul evolves from its environments, collecting what is good to build a structure with its foundation on earth, its towers extending far into the blue ether and reflecting the symbol of heaven's beauty and glory. Would that I could people an ideal world with an ideal people! Then my utopian dreams could I realize and say I know that this is life.

But why dream of things that are chimerical? Why behold things as they should be and not as they are? We are given to day-dreaming, and delight to imagine the clouds, just in the horizon, some fairy lands and people them with a creation of our own. Why not speak of the real, because it may uncover some fault that time has hidden from a critical world; it may start the wheel of gossip rolling down the mountain, carrying with it all who chance to be in its pathway. Nations have risen on wings of justice; they have fallen beneath the thunderbolt of corruption.

When we see people as they are, society as it is, we almost despair. The cry seems to be: "Down with the man who dares to inaugurate reform," or, "Put down the powers that be."

But, after all, why should we view the dark side of life? Why not let, or rather, make "the sunshine cover the shadow?"

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."

Is it wrong to hide sorrow? It may be at times. Everything has its season. The soul, true and noble, finds consolation in a sympathetic friend. We long to tell some true friend how sad we are, and after we have done so, we feel as though heaven had given us a special blessing. I am *very sorry* you are so sad and lonely;

it makes me sad also, because you know I sympathize with you; could I make you more happy, I would do so. In me you shall have a sympathetic friend, who knows what sorrow is. I am sorry you were sick. *Are you better now?* I hope so.

We should try to be always happy, you know it is a duty we owe each other, we owe society. Disappointments must needs come, but the after hours may be pleasant, and sunshine and the mirage of heaven be reflected in the blueness of purity.

Your Friend,

San Francisco, Jan. 13, 1892.

My Dear Mr. —

Yours dated 9th tells me of your true self, an answer written the same day mine was received. I never wrote when in so low a mood to any person, and if I have made you sad—please let that make you, as you have made me, happier.

Being yet poorly in health made me write thus to you, and you kindly received my dolefulness. I never appeared so gloomy to myself before. But from sadnesses soon shine forth blessings, we know. I have not a gloomy disposition, quite the contrary, indeed, I rarely, rarely speak of any annoyance, or dwell upon disappointments.

Someway you crossed my path just at a time to see me at my worst. I feel the little trials of life and revolve them sometimes in my mind, 'tis true, but I am tranquil apparently then, as when you saw me in the cars. Do not allow me to make you sad. Before I parted with you at our friends I hoped you would become my friend, and I wished so much to say *that noon*, would you be

willing to write to me sometimes. Well, we parted and we met again the strangest! That I should unavoidably be led to the train upon which you were returning—do you think it accident? It never was accidental. I am too earnest, too determinedly earnest, too honest in my purposes, to be forgotten by the higher ruling powers; and so are you,—something good will come of our meeting—I know not what, but we shall see.

When people do ordinary things in an ordinary way, they are but ordinary people, never more—ordinary still. When my health returns—*yes, I am better now, thank you*—I will yet accomplish something, I trust, worthy of some regard. I will! And your association will have inspired me, your sympathy, your honest, warm regard for me will not be the least of reasons. Again may I be egotistical enough to say—*my regard for you is not in vain!*

Our friend told me that your intention is to spend a few more years in study—to fit yourself better than the ordinary is, too, your plan. Combined with all your innate and active principles, you will live for noble work. If you have known sorrow, it is the storm that builded the giant Sequoia that towers while lilies come and go, and but for the storm where would the lilies grow? I know how much every aspiring, honest person needs some other true, hopeful soul to say: “You have no need to fear”—*we love some praise.* It is the fulcrum, many, many times upon which the weight is held and lever rests; and the man who needs and loves not woman’s praise, I could not define, or woman—*vice versa.*

O how much that gentleman at our friends needs a woman, whose love he worships, to be a close companion in his daily walks, if that woman be of principle and balance, where he is just a little in need. I admired that man, but I saw where sorrow lurked by the way-side, and where, too, just the right loving woman ever

with him might avert that sorrow, but I said there are so few to even appreciate his rare talent and wonderful goodness, much less to see and round, make smooth and strong the weak structures here and there that mingle in that beautiful thread that leads from eternity to eternity. Men may come and men may go, but, that soul goes on forever.

To have you know and appreciate all I would tell a friend, you must see my life from my standpoint, be able to assume for the time, my religious views, all the basic principles upon which my life rests, these I can only teach you little by little. You will not believe as I—possibly—nor should you : but you can be able to see the position I occupy in the long chain of forever, and I hope you will so listen and so learn my path that one day you will know me almost perfectly and sing from the same *euchology of song*. I think in this study you will find solace, and I know you will be strengthened in your chosen profession—the law—as well as also be happier during the gliding moments, that rush and run, and then, sometimes, you will correct, strengthen and teach me to build my pathway surely on.

No, I am not dreaming day dreams ; I am talking living realities with finalities unknown.. If there were a finality, it were different. You say—why not speak of the real ! That of which I speak is, to me, the real. Heaven is not a space, a location—it is a condition. If I put myself in a condition to enjoy, and to enjoy from pure and holy living realities—I have heaven now. When I have grown more of the divine soul with which to make more realities exoterically beautiful, I shall enjoy more and possess more still of heaven within, tomorrow I shall have more of heaven than to-day as I shall seek to have more knowledge and more spiritual vision ; so it comes every day. I am happier now than ever before. I was happier, I think, being sad than I

could have been, being happy without being sad ; that sadness coming to the surface—left clearer the soul bereft; perhaps two souls have a clearer and holier love of all which makes the present heaven, than if the seeds that grow the white lotus of our souls, had not burst their shells and disturbed the earthly soil. I cannot live in the low strata of the common life, I never have. I seek often to see what the common life is—a curiosity shop, a vanity fair—to which my life is fairy land. “My mind to me a kingdom is.” *I will have* in heavenly essences. We need not fear for others, only take great heed that we ourselves are pure, then it is we build for others. Self is and should be always first, then the unselfish self obtains the power, vainly sought by running hither and thither, seeking to be known by deeds of charity or false exhibit of a false idea based upon principles falsely constructed. Remember not the *I* and let intuition and soulgrowth lead ; it will lead as the sunflower faces the sun, with no mistake.

Let me dream my daytime dreams, at night let me have rest--perfect, tranquil, and to-morrow's day-dreams—I will dream them brighter then. Life is a dream, sweet, sweet dream. One day you will comprehend my day dreaming and say—Dream on, dear soul, dream on! I am not a pessimist, nor am I cynical.

Now that you have said you will be my sympathetic friend I can never be quite so sad. I know you have so said with as much sacred solemnity as should the marriage now send forth—you will find your promise sacredly worshiped—let levity live where life is light—in the public world, there the world's pleasantries are sweet meats—and we relish and enjoy.

I have a very faithful old friend here, he has known me since my pinafore days, and he comes to see me nearly every day when I am in the city; but now he has been very ill for almost two weeks. He has seen

seventy-five annual landmarks, is an encyclopedia of knowledge. I went to see him yesterday, I was not able before, he is at his daughter's stately cottage where he is tended with every care. He was sitting up, with pencil and paper in hand to write to me. Dear old friend. When I returned I was asked—would not I be happy were I situated as is his daughter. She has everything *she* wishes I believe. I said:—"No!" She has that which makes *her happy*—I must have something quite different. My needs are different. I have had a different past. *My present is not hers.* *In my present I live;* I build but convergent lines, and sooner or later they will meet and my present then will be my reward for my present now. I look not to see when or where the meeting of these lines. To-day I could not be happy in *her* place and not another day would make me nearer her life. Fear not to build thine Eyrie on the heights where golden splendors lay".

There I have been building with, it seems, every possible odds against me; but I will succeed, because my will so wills, the Gods assist.

To those who have been friends to me I have been kind as I knew, and many times I have been told by them that:—"This day" or "This hour has been the happiest of my life!" Ofttimes the first and last time I saw those faces, yet they carried with them a good will for me, and this is one kind of power. That I gave to them that which they cherished, is pleasure, particularly so if strangers. You possess so much of this quiet influence, think of yourself in this, value yourself for that *quiet strength* which holds with more power than can the armies of kings; that *still, silent* hold you have upon humanity—use it!

One day we shall meet again somewhere, sometime, it may not be so long.

You must not feel that your letters must be long, you
probably have not the time.

Ever the same,

—. —.

DAY-DREAMS.

Gath'ring day dreams flowers
In the silvery morning light,
Garlanding for bowers—
That thy future may be bright—
And garlanding and building
Where flowery pathways gleam,
Thy soul's love-castle gilding—
O dream thy daytimes dream.

Chorus.

O dream, and build, my fair one—
A castle grand for me;—
Thy garlands—canst thou spare one?
O dream, and—dream Lady—
Thy day dreams—dream for me,
O dream, and dream—Lady,

O dream—Lady.

Strewing day-dreams flowers
In evenings shading light—
Where threat'ning darkness lowers
Weave rainbows, colors bright;—
Weave love within yon dwelling—
If realities so seem—
Nor waken—while I'm telling—
O dream thy daytimes dream.

Chorus.

San Francisco Jan. 15—'92.

My Dear Mr.—

I send you this little Day-Dream effusion which I regret has not music prettily set for the words.

I do not know you well enough to know if you care for such little outbursts.

Please write so that I may receive your letter Monday as we shall pack our things to-morrow and Monday and go away I suppose immediately; then I may not have much opportunity to write.

Ever the same

—. —.

Thursday Jan. 21—

Ani yet too ill to go away from San Francisco. He has not written—had I gone he would now have no means of knowing my address.

My letters were such poor ones—written while so ill—he does not care for them—I did not—as is my practice —copy but a few of them:—I can copy them if I have them, now while I am ill. Yes, I can do this. I will write for them! He does not care for them—and that Day-Dreams—so light!—he is tired of my childishness—why did I—why have I taken the initiative in writing. I cannot excuse myself! I will write requesting that my letters be returned and that will end this spell that has so entranced me.

San Francisco Jan. 21, '92.

My dear Sir,

Have you been well?—“Somehow I have not been well!”—I am very much better. I attended church last Sunday for the first time since I returned. Heard a very educative sermon, interesting and refreshing.

Happy should be the person who is not compelled by illness to neglect the sanctuary.

Every day this week when the sun shone warmest, I have been out.

I have had congestion of the brain and La Grippe of the throat and head. I did not tell you how sick I was because I thought you might feel badly.

How many things can culminate to almost break the reason down! I have suffered more to-day than yesterday, perhaps it is only the breaking away. I do so sincerely hope you have escaped this awful grasp.

I will relate to you a little incident of to-day by first going back a little; just before going away on this trip a friend loaned me his manuscript of poems, many of them were school-day poems, not didactic, but pleasing; its perusal I enjoyed and three times went to his office to return it, each time as he was not in I brought it back. When I went away I had put it in the center of one of my trunks. No persons hands had touched it, but my friend's and mine. He has given many interesting lectures here which I have most times attended. Once before, when I was going away he said: "I am so sorry I shall not know how to lecture without you in the audience." While at—I received a letter from him, the wording of which was indicative of a positive mood in the superlative degree—he wished his manuscript! Not remembering in which trunk I had placed it, I enclosed the keys of two, with *his* letter, and one by myself, to another friend requesting *that* friend to procure and return the M. S. The author's enclosed letter put that friend into a superlative mood, *therefore* at a leisurely convenience the M. S., was returned. As I was passing his office to-day, he alighted from his carriage and said:—"Well, well, well, how do you do;—how do you do, how do you do. I was angry, awfully angry at you *my friend*. I did not need to be, I did not need the M.S." Extending my gloved hand I said: "We will be *better friends!*" he replied:—"Yes, *better friends!*"

I then learned he was out for the first since New Year. He too had been a victim of La Grippe. He said:—"I am very ashamed of myself, I have felt mean more than a dozen times, because I wrote you in that angry mood!" Now we are friends and ever will be. It oftentimes takes some little ruff to make a friendship firm.

It had so transpired that this was the second person whom I met this week who much desired to set straight some little as he thought, neglect of courtesy, and the eyes of the deluded offender beamed with delight when he met me and had an opportunity to offer me an apology for really a fancied offence.

More terseley now will the thread of our friendship run. True friendship can but slowly grow—else it is an idle dream.

Friday noon. The sun shines warm, but to-day I am a prisoner again: my head is more painful, and now before I close I wish to say, some day you will comprehend me.

I know you have not but that you have not, I have no threnody to sing.

I could have written you in quite a different style, and followed the hard cut mathematical thread of prescribed rules, better I love the freedom of the rollicking river and rill;—

I know you so well I almost think I know you better than you know yourself. My compliments are not flattering idle ones. My friendship, was not a worthless thing.

Read the language of the large, rolling, venomous eye of the serpent. Read the language of the large indolent eye of would be ease and luxury and worse—refine them down through the numberless grades until you find them sufficiently diminutive to focus upon the Powers that hold the Universe together. Look in your mirror! Do you read the language of the eye you be-

hold? Do you read there that away in the walks and in the realm of Universal Spirit, such eyes weild their power and find their home. Would you thrust from you and scorn this letter should I analyze farther?—fearing—I cease.

Go, drink deep from the souls that know! Go, unravel the secrets of the souls of the Poets. What they know and tell to *each other*, and but lightly hint to the *common* world. Go, learn and teach, as you have learned and taught before. Read the—Romance of Two Worlds—and learn to tread electrical floors. Hints, only hints of powers that be. It is forty years, I think, since Tchernuichevski wrote—What Is To Be Done?—Recently the World was jostled by Bellamy looking backward. Read the Misfortune of Having Intelligence. Lean not too much upon intellect, deduce from this what you will! As a man thinketh, so he is. Scorn not to read the tiresomely disconnected, seemingly unconcentrated *Secret Doctrine*.—We collect from the wild nativities the flowers which best we love.

Let your Theosophy be broad as the blue ether above you. Learn that physiology which teaches that the mortal dwelling your soul inhabits was prepared for spirit habitation *as was the Universe*. As the elegant mansion reflects the wealth of the purse which built it; so thy house of clay reflects the wealth of soul that sought it. And with all remember there is an honesty which may be crushed, but not injured.

Please enclose this letter, and all my letters, excepting the very first one, in the addressed envelope. Do not fail to have me receive them by next Monday.

I will step back a pace, it is my theory and has been my practice to refuse the ungloved hand.

My first letter is due the kind and gentlemanly stranger who befriended me, *please* keep that, for by me

it must remain undisturbed; in all kindness I ask for the others.

Believe me ever,

Yours Truly,

The *Lavender* was merely a twig from that which I was wearing — *not* sent with any reference to its language.

“And the eye, that beautiful spirit’s shrine.”

To —

—Calif. Jan. 23d, '92.

My Dear Miss.—.

With this letter you will find your request. “Have I been well?” I have never had better health. But I am weary, almost too weary to attend to my work. Why am I weary? Because I am true to my friends. Because I try to be a friend in time of need. A young man in this place, who is my true friend, and is far away from home, became very sick, and the last two weeks I have been at his side, day and night, except while I was at my office each day.

Do I feel like working? Do I feel like doing anything? Well, no! Each moment seems an hour. Have I written to you? Have I written to my many friends? No! Can you tell why? Can anyone tell why? Have other people had the care of a true friend, and upon whose care depended his life? Have other people failed to sleep for two weeks, caring each day for sick and well people? Have other people because they have done all this received hasty letters? (I will answer all of the above questions myself). Yes! The world is

always the same. A present experience is just one of the ages gone by.

Do you know me? Does anyone know me? I always allow a lady her own pleasure, consequently, I count my friends by the hundred. But enemies I have none.

My motto is to be happy and let others be happy; my friends are happy, because I have never spoken a word to make them unhappy.

If my friends are happy I am happy because they are so. Why bosom trouble? There is no reason why.

Do I know you? I have read your every act, thought, and emotion; and by a person who has seen so *much* of men and women as I have, and has learned to read people as they are, you can be read like a book. I knew I would get that first letter, I knew why you wrote it. I knew I would get the present letter. I know the motive that prompted it.

Can a person who has had little experience in the world of to-day hide herself from one who has learned to analyze the sum of characteristics that are found in every home and public place. You fail when you say poets see deep into the real, you should have said they may see deep into the ideal. People are not what they seem. *Ideal* is not *real*.

I hope you will be happy and prosperous. A *well wishing good bye,*

From your friend;

— — —

This last letter was received on the morning of the twenty-fifth, also the returned letters. That evening I wrote him a letter. What I wrote I do not know! I never shall know. I did not retain a copy. I only know I should not have written at all *that night*. The ext morning—Tuesday—I wrote the following.

San Francisco, Jan. 26,—'92.

My Dear Mr. —

This morning the rain sifts, the sun shines. A perfect Winter this seems to have been, excepting the epidemic, La Grippe.

Last evening I closed my letter and it was mailed to you. I could not think, I staggard for the time on the undefined (You knew the motive) -- but when I sought the consistency between any unpleasant implication there, and the closing of the letter I said, No! It can not be;—so gave it no more thought.

I never allow myself to *search* for unpleasantries; but look away over and above them; pass the estuary, and sail on the calmer sea of truth and happiness.

I had reason for wishing my letters and for wishing them on Monday if I had them at all, yet on Monday I wrote you and did not do as I intended. Do we know ourselves? Not an hour ahead! Do you know me? When you do, you will have learned to encourage me, and to kindly correct my errors in little things that make in the aggregate the embellishment of a beautiful whole. I was dissatisfied, so dissatisfied with my letters to you; I never complained in my life before. You received it kindly, and replied kindly; yet I could not wear away my dissatisfaction.

Do I know you? I had reference to your nobler, higher self. You are tired hearing this? No, you are not tired hearing this? What right have I to know or to think of the lesser qualities, if you should possess little failings what right have I to see them—would I refer to them if I did? I did not scan with a critic's eye to see if the euphony was perfect. I repeat—I only saw that there was far more than the ordinary of a superior refinement. I worshiped that; did I ask what sorrow made it so? did I quiz at all? I knew the fact.

Did I not see your eyes downward cast while a vo-

lume of thought was evolved! and the clouds come and go like lightning flashes, telling transverse lines of experience! I am not unfeeling! my friend observed that there was in us a resemblance, and spoke of it, you may remember. 'I, had I not already trembled beneath the impress of the lines *pari passu* of our natures! Have I shaken off, or can I glide from beneath that power? Can any person, or will ever any person in this stage of the Rounds of Races loose themselves from the high correspondences? Lives, in their natures, are as varied, as numerous. Equalities may never be! — A near approach is rare! But, but, as painfully felt and seen as—yes I will say it—as by each of us.

You told you felt the same power in every way but in the plainest, plain words. You made me dare to write you the first letter. You wished to receive it. I had not recovered from malaria of the nerves, sufficiently to direct my pen, but I wrote and you were joyed that I did. You are more secretive, cautious, than I, if possible—but—you were as pleased to meet me again as I to meet you. It is nonsense to act or talk otherwise. It is sense to have true comprehension.

Do you know me? Does my brother? Is a father apprehensive of his child's true nature? It is only in the sense I employed when I said I knew you—that any person knows another, and not too often is that recognized—in the sense of the one grand sum of nobleness—No major or minor details coming in. Do you know me? Ah—then I would not have so trembled with fear of miscomprehension.

Do you know me? I would to all that's good, you did. But not until more of truth is assimilated will any one know the other. This is no apothegm, but lives unrecognized.

You might have thought I loved you, and for that love I desired that you marry me to-morrow, next week,

next year, or in five years. I am not responsible to-day for that which to-morrow, next week or next year will evolve in my nature—but now; now, I am accountable, for the ever now; and now my love for you is far superior to *that* love; it is a love unselfish, a worshipful love that nothing can kill, because founded not upon hard realty but the ideal that is there, no matter how the storms rise or winds blow.

When for a brief moment I felt may be you had wronged me by that—"motive"—that did not lessen my love. But the love, the *common* love which leads to matrimony—*does it last?* Does it stand storms? You live in the real and it almost *crushes you, you are wearied now* nigh to death with the *hard real*, it is *your world*. O *you are too good, too good, too good*, it will kill you to look for the real. The common *drudge* of the real does not feel it, you have outgrown the real; you should not see the real, and then to you there is *no* real, and then you will begin to lift your friends out of the real; then you will find power! Then you will laugh in the face of the real, you will laugh at the serpent that entangled you—you will then pity the constricted that are still in the brambles of the real. I dropped for a time or two to the level of the real, and you caught the shower of dispondency. I rallied soon above it, and I say there is no real, because when I do not know it, to me there is none! If I hint and impress upon another that there is no real, that ideal is, is mine, and that other begins to take on the drapery of the ideal, begins to feel light, buoyant, six months later I see that other, as I did in—, he looked a changed man, though a man of mistakes and sorrows, I step quickly up—though in presence of others, and say: "Mr.— how do you do, I am glad to see you!" he replies:— "You are? That is a world to me!" "I heard you were in town!" and I reply that:— "Mr.— told me you had spoken very highly of me

to him!" He is lifted, he is in the ideal, his eyes sparkle, he turns away to hide tears of joy—I meet him again, and say: "Will you come and spend an evening?" "Thank you, thank you, I will!" and when he does, he inquires:—"Why did you not tell me more last Spring?" But last Spring I merely laid the corner stones, I told him a castle could be builded. He could not get away from the foundation, and one by one a stone would settle there until with fullness of heart, the once poor man said:—"You were a mystery to me last Spring, then I could scarcely endure life, now, I live in my, your, ideal mansion!" and he does, while fairies carry his burdens. 'Tis no idle dream. Would that you might long say of me:—"You are inexperienced with the common world." In conversational and business way, I am. Many different lands and waters I have not seen; but in California one sees the people of the world—Native sons and daughters, the men of '49, people from everywhere; do I read faces? am I no physiognomist? Have I not boarded in private families, in numerous hotels a few hundred miles North and South, a very little space, very little, yet all kinds from the great world have passed. Am I no phrenologist? have I no intuition? Does not the very move and form of the hand and even the finger nails speak—the hair, the voice, or even the thought, that holds before the utterance, the hesitancy, the pose; do not all these talk, tell me, tell me—what I have not observed! but do not, please, place me in the common home, on the common level, with the common public—there is not my home, not there, not there!

Do I sit myself placidly down, passively await hysteria and all the slime passivity invites; or do I in active mood assert that I am I, and no obsession is for me! Let me think, and be cast away by the world for thinking. I will land on a pinnacle of heavenly fame, where eons, otherwise, might but slowly take me.

Have I tried to please you? No! The ordinary young lady, times without number I have observed, dons her best gown, coils the extra curl, wears the extra ruffle, smiles the extra smile, slacks the tension of the voice, agrees or disagrees, assents or otherwise, in silly bewitching style, all for effect. Do I do these? Have I no position which to-day is mine? Nor do I stand in the place of a lawyerlike Amazon. In the quiet home let woman's rhetoric and eloquence fall in the graceful paths of tender love.

O, I wish I might be able to make you dispel that weariness! I thought perhaps you did not care for my letters, my poor letters, and *I wished them*. I had thought you would be tired, and so I wrote you not to think I wished you to write long letters; I tried to seem kind, for *I am kind*. I thought of your office hours, I felt I had even overdone in my desire to give sympathy: and, I said "*my friendship was not a worthless thing*"—because I gave it in all honesty. I ask nothing, nothing, nothing, not a letter, not a word—unless from the fullness of your heart, which makes it not a task. Can I be more kind? Is this not ideal kindness, and more? Think of all the good things I have said of you, and ask yourself if I could be impetuous and unkind; it *is not my nature!*

I may possess that in my nature which gives me a personality and individuality of positiveness, but not unkindness.

And now what better subscription to a letter than—

Respectfully Yours,

—. —. —.

San Francisco, Jan. 30, '92.

My Dear Mr.—

Someway this Saturday eve I cannot refrain from writing again to you. I am sorry I appeared

hasty. "Things are not what they seem." I was not what I seemed, in that. But are you feeling better? *I wish I could know.*

I scarcely remember that I am not well—only I cannot work as I wish. I am much better I trust—one whole month gone!—and I yet confined. Can you pardon my ebullience? I only wish to say—I wish I might say something which you would deem as kind and that would lighten your heart.

I have in the sum or abstract that which I desired from the letters enclosed; when I have finished with the rest, I will send them. I could not tell you why I wished them because you had not written me, and I was too cowardly; I am not what I seemed.

Always the same,

Respectfully.

"No man feels another's soul quivering and struggling in his grasp without excitement, let his nerves and his self-restraint be what they may."

—Cal. Jan. 31, '92.

My Dear Miss.—

You letters have found me.

Did I expect them? Yes! Why? You know human nature. I do. Hence—Do we understand ourselves? I sometimes think other people do better understand what we *will* do.

Will you believe me? I do not feel hurt, because you called for *your* letters. It was *your* right and privilege to do so. You did so. Why should *I* complain? We are all free to do right.

You felt discouraged, because I did not write about myself, perhaps giving more affectionate letters to another. Pardon me for what I am going to say. I

have made it a rule, always, not to write about my past.

Who can be interested in a life that is past? I did not answer your hint also, whether I had other correspondents. I have, and a good number of ladies. Why not?

I have never wronged a person to my knowledge. I have many friends. I wish to keep them. I treat them kindly. I write them kind letters. They treat me kindly, and write me kind and affectionate letters. It is *worth* a world to me: Am I sad? Why should I be? My life has not been a sad one, but very pleasant. It has been the life of a student. *You know* what that means. A life of toil (mental toil,) incessant toil.

I realize what I *must* accomplish, hence I live the life (*alone*) I do. I have passions of love as strong as any man, but I have complete control of them—I think I have—I must control them, because my plan for the future requires a sacrifice. To a person with limited means, it says much—he must, for sometime, live alone, or see the persons who are dearest to him, in want.

Could *my nature endure that?* No! I wish to see my dearest friends (all my friends) happy. Am I right? Why not stop to think and see things as they are? Be it ideal or real. I appreciate your kindness to me. Your honesty and your true worth.

Will you take my advice? Do no allow yourself to become enwrapt in a man till you thoroughly know him. I believe you understand me, but do not know me. It is this same sense in which I mean to use the word as applying to you. I understand you, I think, thoroughly, but do not know you. You are right. "It takes much time to know others." Please do not imagine you see superior qualities in me, that, perhaps later, when you fail to find them, you will be disappointed. There is nothing so crushing as the failure of an ideal to become real, right, just and true: I draw from what I see and have seen in other lives. I shall *try* to profit by the ex-

perience and advice of others. Are we to step into the same pitfalls of the past ages? If so, experience is not a teacher, education is a myth. But no; we are the product of a sum of evolutions, mental, moral, physical. We should be in *our emotional sphere*. I sometimes think *this* the most dangerous; upon it is tied the silken thread that binds society on earth and in heaven. Can we be too careful? No! I am cautious because it is my nature, and that nature has been developed by training. Am I right?

I appreciate the kind things you say of me, but be sure they apply to real attributes, that will stand proof.

I hope you will soon recover and be able more truly to enjoy life.

Your friend,

—Calif., Jan. 31, 1892.

My Dear Miss:—

I mailed you a letter to-day, and this evening I received your latest.

You could please me very much by not worrying. I do not feel hurt or sad; I knew you were true, and it has done me a world of good to see and know an honest lady. I hope you will not feel offended by my surmises in today's letter: My judgment tells me I am right. Our emotional faculties should not be deceived, it may be the ruin of a happy life.

I try to be honest with all people. Hence I venture my advice.

From your friend,

San Francisco, Feb. 3, '92.

My Dear Mr:——

Yours received.

A fully webbed and smoothly woven network of intricate traceries, with rich, soft, velvety forget-me-nots, I should say, ambiguously inlaid; and all in all a painting grand, that to explore its secret palaces, they turn to cabinets of hidden secrets wherein a soul doth dwell to shrieve itself from wordly woe, from hidden woe; and spotless live, like to its early source; and there gain strength and force by winding through a thousand labyrinths of solitudes drear and dark; not there could one star shine, though its soul could call forth a retinue of thunder bolts and tear the clouds away; and with beams of crystals, wreaths, gems and flowers, weave rainbow-beauty, pave back the path to dawn of day, dip the robe in the full sum of hope; and set the lily-bell of success and happiness to crown, with vast impossibilities overcome; and teach that self alone is base, that pride is pain, and *that* beneficence which is bliss. and what mighty war true greatness of a soul can wage when in communion with *minds* unknown.— I seem to hear a sigh: but Friend sigh not! Why live a prosy life? There is a wave though deep, silent tideless, that ever rolls, that carries those who trust not in a languid passivity, but in studied active beauty of combined strength; the combined strength of ones own powers, or in the combined strength of all power that converges to one hope, and whole. I know what a student's life is, yes. The trees beneath which I have studied, the quiet mazarine sky, the trickling of the silvery water over the rounded pebbles, the threadless needles of the lofty pines, the feathery moss, or the garden trees, as—

I've watched the grand magnolia
Its waxen leaves unfold.
Unfold, unfold as character
Doth so ourselves unfold;—
Until by winding breezes—
Strong and sifting showers—
Its fibered soul is strengthened,
As these do strengthen ours.

These know that I know a student's life: Yes, I think I am equal to the task of analyzing every sentence and word, every exoteric and every esoteric meaning contained in your letters.

You speak of sacrifice; should it be termed or felt as such? Maybe, but I have lived much time as this, and there is sweet reward, beyond valuation almost; in all you have my sympathy; nay, my approval and my God-bless-you.

My way is planned. The possibility of its execution, lies with the Gods. I wait, who knows what next.

We do not criticise;—
Simply relate;—
The world we cannot change;—
But cultivate.

Ever the same.

Respectfully,

—. —.

San Francisco, Feb. 5, '92.

My Dear Mr.—

Your letters received. Permit me to thank you for their contents. Yet not one unfamiliar thought do they contain, *not one!* If you remember, I express myself in unmincing terms in my letter of Tuesday, the

26th. I see some things differently from you; but, is that wrong? Now please pardon me once more, I had a motive in my pleading—dictatorial—seemingly so—letters, you do not comprehend now;—I do not complain, you can not, not now, some day you will. It may be long, it may not, I can not tell! Again you only *think* you understand me, you do not *know* you do. When we can say we *know!* No, I can not say more now, there are volumes waiting—but, not yet, not yet.

If among your lady friends correspondents, there be one, whose heart and hand you could seek, if good means were yours, that one is not worthy the offer of your love, unless she rejoice at your nobleness, at your what you term sacrifice, or more; if she be possessed of means and does not offer to aid you, she is not worthy your thought for a moment; or, if she sees, or *thinks* she sees, the way to work such problems out in easy algebraic glide and does not delicately make the advances, which lead to that end, though you may with strong arm hold her back, *she is no true woman!*

I might indeed detail to you of sacrifice. No! I do not allow that word in my category. I might tell of past or coming loneliness, but why should I? I have not entertained you in such manner; I have not said of little things of life, nor do I ever to any one; nor have you. I did not expect you to. You, too, have written such letters as I expected, such letters as I wished. I thank you, cordially thank you. -

You have made me happier, perhaps happier than you know.

I endeavor to live each day as if it might be my last, to treat my friends, all people, as if I feared to-morrow they would be here no more,—and when I can not be thus kind, the negation is *painful*.

I, too, am a student, I have much to learn, it takes

time. All things take time, and time is *all*, because it is the *now* of Eternity.

My relapse has been severe, but the warm Spring will soon return.

With my best wishes,

Ever the same,

Respectfully,

— — — — —

This last letter—did I mail to him? No! Why should I? I loved him for his very *best self*, and that self I hoped to benefit. My self was benefited. Why repeat? His letters were enclosed in chilly wrappings.

I liked them! Each sentence was carefully studied with cold dignity; about which there is something grand. It seems like watching the lightning's play on one side, and the stately snow-wrapped mountains on the other, with the evergreen garden of hope lying between. While the breath of the soul waits, still, the purity you drink, and feel that heaven is in the draught.

Did I mail the one dated February 5, 1892? Yes! Maybe it was not the best one; I wrote several, can one always do or say the best! Was I satisfied? I was sad! And not satisfied with my letter nor myself. Who is satisfied with one's self when they desire to do their very best, desire to be honest, and when they know they are holding souls in their hands. Yet:—

“I'll prove more true
Than those who have more cunning to be strange.”

San Francisco, Feb. 9, '92.

My Dear Mr.—.

Your two last letters—although I attempted to answer, I did not satisfactorily to myself. There was such a volume in them and from whatever standpoint I might view I seemed baffled to substantiate that position. Maybe it was all in the seeming. Hard problems have always presented themselves, it seems, to me. I often ask myself, does every girl face upon every turn such difficult weights and measures; what is the good and why try to solve? Because life is a school and school means study! Well, then I have schoolmates, truly.

I often think of the man, at Fresno, Calif., who found himself utterly lost in the dense of night; as he was, it seemed, in an immense barbed-wire field; after driving-hours, he camped until morning, and the field that had so deluded him, he found, was a small lot with broad open gate and quite near his own home.

A lawyer in the garden of his practice, plants an evergreen, in its cool, refreshing shade, after reaching hither and thither in rakestraw gathering, he begins to retreat, drives the verbal blow that kills his opponent, smiles the jury, and lifts the downcast hope of his client, then basks in happy satisfaction. Many times the dead opponent rallies, slowly, but surely, and the light of another horizon flows to zenith, until cool shadow vanishes because of the direct vertical rays.

There is something grand in intricacies and in solving them to a happy sum. Maybe you did not realize the garb in which your letters would present themselves to me. *We can not tell how our letters seem to others, not always.* I try to think, how does this or that appear to me and how will it appear to the reader; but that is impossible. In a letter one may not be able to com-

prehend what is simple and plain. I say it with good, kind feeling; your last two letters *did* and *do* seem intricate. When I think I am capable of their analyzation, I fail every time. Certainly there is one gauzy thin veil, that of other lady correspondents.

Permit me to speak of putting soul into that which we do. Not long since I saw an educated young Englishman writing to his mother in London; he penciled his letter, corrected and copied it in ink. I asked :—“Do you always copy your letters?” he replied : “*I do!*” I can not, I must feel that I am writing right to the heart and soul of some person. I know that all successful authors must do this in manuscript work, they must, or there is but cold formality instead. Put feeling from the depth of soul as that soul is cultivated and capable; laugh at the grammar and construction of sentences when next the production is perused.

Again, positiveness, O the value of that word—in my love for positiveness, I may say—“Sacrifice!” I do not allow that word in my category, and feel the blunder when I have said; I should say, please do not permit that word in *your category*. In a rush of positiveness oftentimes gentleness and politeness are sacrificed; but one learns the lesson and does not repeat the rudeness as often. Yet do we value less the infinite power and goodness of the proper quality of positiveness we cultivate. See the suffering and misery, sorrow to the almost infant heart because the parent is hesitating or yielding, or lacks firmness; instead, with one gentle word, positively spoken, correct a child, correct a fault and keep peace in the child’s heart, by making its path imperatively plain. One word instead of hundreds, and a sway that holds for life. I think I always have felt this; when I recall the days of teaching, not one little fractious chap now a man, thought of disobeying. My positiveness in some of my letters perhaps is a little

harsh, but they were written from soul to soul without regard of their standing otherwise; and I trust you have excused these imperfections. I love to weigh the weight of words far into Eternity, and could wish to find a science underlining every word. Is not this right? Where does positiveness end? In that perfection the Ancient of Days. Where goes bravery when in the path of Truth? To the greatest A. M. N. But Truth when we try to handle that, is always fragmentary, brittling like dead grass beneath the footsteps of August. We know there is no Truth but One. When we are Truth we are that One, and yet we grieve that little twigs and saplings are not the tree. We must value the fragments for their adherency will make them hold. I know of nothing better to contemplate than the growth of souls immortal.

From the large roll of exchange papers which come to me every day. I gather what the clergy are doing by reading the reports of sermons, learn of the many happy things they say; and I know that he to whom is not given an abundance of new budding knowledge; will have to, and soon, seek a garden, not of minds; but of man-weeds, thorns and thistles.

I might in reference to your aspiration for greater knowledge, mention Lincoln, Horace Greely, Garfield, Henry Ward Beecher, and others; but you are familiar with their histories. They who lead the world, climb the steps slowly. I knew and saw all of which you have spoken! How much have I to learn; am I not walking in a similar path.

It has seemed easy to me to look at the grand ideals all along the pathway of life.

Permit me to say that the love of which you intimate *must grow, although it may be recognizable at sight!* And why? *Does not all good grow?* *Is there a finality?* It

may at times be like the Semper Vivens rolling over an arid desert, catching life at an ill Oasis.

If a person is natural and easy because he desires to be, and is pleasing; and is unnatural because he thinks he must be so, is this not discernible? Why not be natural at all times! You say, why bosom sorrow! Why hide any truth from any one to whom that truth is really due. Please do not think it sacrifice to seek that which seems best. I have always tried to seek first that which seems best. One can live more in a few years when fully prepared, than half a lifetime unprepared. Do you believe the Gods will help you? Are you not conscious of their aid many, many times? As the Ruler of a Country has many who are high and near to him to aid in his governmental power, so, does not the great I Am, have those, who are nearest his perfection to aid in his great governmental work? Do you not aid and instruct those beneath you? When does this law stop? When we begin to trace in the ascending scale! Does it not pervade all spirit? and is not the higher spirit ever molding that beneath it?

The correspondences never cease; everything is wrought by the same code of ethics—moral, physical, spiritual. The *good* is always hidden until we delve for it. You have set an ideal of what *you must* become, relax that tension a little and say: “*I must* become unto that ideal for which I am best fitted to endeavor to attain, and in this effort I know the Gods will lead me surely on, though I may not now see the goal.” Life is real; but we look ever to the *ideal* which *obscures* the *real*. By your manner toward me at our friends and upon the train—I knew positively you had no lady to whom you are writing letters other than friendship. You are a true gentleman, and you solicited my love in a gentlemanly manner, plainly, and with restrained emotion that was painful. There is no other

lady. You would be the last person to permit *me* to think that; you are *true to yourself* and there is no other lady.

Why did you seek me at first and why did I rejoice that you did? I will not use that despicable word—*affinity*; but I do use the word Equality; or, if you please, Harmony. You could not help nor hinder; you loved me and you were free—no other lady could interfere, or was a possible hindrance. I was free. Why? Because I did not permit my love to go where I saw sacrifice to soul growth. But Harmony took it whole souled. I am young! Yes, but it is not my spirit as old as Eternity? Has it not always existed; and has it not had experience? Do I study my Spirit, and myself? And does my Spirit and my Self stand dumb and not answer? Do I not plead with my best Soul that it shall give me of its wisdom? And do not the answers return in single flashes, in composite flashes of truth. Do I grasp them in the lightened and enlightened chamber of my intellect from that Camera Obscura which has had the experience of the Rounds of Ages and Eternity! When was my spirit born? What good does it not steroscope if that communion with ones self is sufficiently sought, what is the revelation? The revelation of Eternity, could we come close enough to ourselves. "Are there chords in the harps of humanity?" and why? Attuned through the great Eternity *pari passu*; and are they not recognizable? To each other? They are! You knew this, you recognized and so did I. All persons who are given to listening to their spirit voice, and have a *safe standpoint* from which to view and listen, must recognize.

Marriage is more than a failure; it is sin otherwise viewed. And is the world full of sin? Is there not good reason there should be? When base emotional character rules, do we see that which will stand test?

Do I know that my praise is founded upon real attributes? I repeat your texts "Are there chords,—?" "Are there harmonies, —?" I have only seen the parallels, were they real? Yes, for I have written to you as I could not have written unless I knew I was right. Could I have written to a person in whom these harmonies were not found and received the gentlemanly answers that I have received? No! My confidence is secure; because, you are right. "There are chords, —?" "There are harmonies." Do parallel loves see, magnify, multiply and seek discords? Is perfection yet on earth? Do not such loves hush the discords as a skillful player tunes at once the ill-toned note of his instrument. You trust not these high parallels, unrevered they pass, you sacrifice! you obtain, you are beginning to succeed in your profession, a bright zenith you see. Now, you are ready to accept soul sympathy. About you now smile many tempters, you have now no time to select; your roving is over, your opportunity gone! You have passed the "Harmonies to be protected" your text words—you accept she whom opportunity now presents. What follows? Lives distressed, inharmony never to be attuned, never. Your spirit is as old as the Universe; or, the Universal, as old as the Most Holy One and a part of that One; you can commune with its secrets and not be deceived.

If you do not in all things stand test, that is a great loss to you; all failings are great losses; but in view of the *vast* harmony these failings are but little felt by another, that other does not suffer much. Again is it all for the two that consideration is? or, is it for, in the highest, souls that will or must yet pass this earthly existence? How many sons and daughters look to their parents and say: "Their love is my model! They have endowed me with many precious pleasures. My parents are my models!"

Your letters since I returned to the city have cost you much, their coldness and their chilly wrappings were no less felt by *yourself* than by *me*. *You welcome* right and justice! introduced them to me, and then strove to turn them away by your distrust: or, lack of trust in the same light and justice. Inconsistency! But such is life. Yet this brought out a soul that was hidden; and I am benefited by the extreme tension almost of distress. I have unfolded pages of soulgrowth *I am bettered*. Not easily under such pressure have I written. At times in broken, fitful sentences; but, underlying all this, in your soul and mine is the great truth. *That love, a love that never can be cast away!* We may go and we may come, but that goes on forever. It was not builded in a moment. An Eternity has so wrought. The foundation began when Eternity began. It will not end until dies Eternity. A robe of peace or a despoiler's shroud. Go back to your texts.

“Are there chords, —?”

“Are there harmonies, —?”

These companions of my thoughts, not careless did you send them !

If my timidity has burst to ebullient words and letters to you, I have done right ! Of your limited means I have not spoken plainly, I know, for that I *have no fear*. Why should *I* fear anything ? Why should *you* ? Why should any just and honest person in our state of spirit existence ? The silver, the gold, the diamonds that are forever growing; the buttercups, the daisies, the lilies and roses, we should obtain each and all, by making ourselves worthy comfort and luxury; nothing is too good to be utilized or enjoyed when in proper time, way and place. Wealth is necessary ! I would not live where there is no wealth; how could I ? There is wealth of nature everywhere ! Wealth of memory, where do we see poverty most ? In memory. There it

is most to be pitied. Wealth of all that is beautiful is obtainable if time is properly used. The wealth of youth; enjoyed in manhood; the wealth of early manhood enjoyed in middle life; the wealth of all these in old age. Of all the deplorable losses, is the loss of the wealth of memory, whose seeds should be garnered in youth and early manhood; then indeed he may say *limited means*. O, you are rich ! how can you speak of limited means; think less: *I must*, and more: I have done my best; the Gods will aid me now. See the great ideal; but do not hourly measure the paths thereto; perhaps when you look next time your ideal is so near, you hold the breath of your soul in surprise. When should a person solve the problem of life ? *Before they have lived it !* Study, see and prophesy. Study the wealth of love and mistake it not for drosses and base metals; but know the pure white diamond cut to glisten in innumerable radiations; diamonds from the earth's bosom, or the diamonds of human purity, wear all that is beautiful ! Diamonds of strength of adherence to the high principles that will call the Gods to your aid. This is my last letter ! For the present I leave all this with you—reflect !

“ Are there chords in the harps of humanity ?

“ Are there harmonies to be guided protected and revered ?

“ Perhaps listless we pass them by; or, unnoticed and unfelt they fall.”

Ever the same,

Yours very respectfully,

— — . — — .

San Francisco, Sat. mor., Feb 12, '92

I folded this last long letter, enclosed it, envelope addressed and stamped;—stepped into the hall; the door-bell rang! A letter for Miss. ——. ——. I opened and read the following:—

——, ——, Thursday Evening, Feb. 10, 1892.

My Dear Miss ———: In haste I write to say that upon the morning train I depart for New York. A few days there, then to Europe, where I shall devote the next three years to study.—Excuse brevity.

Your Friend,

—————

And so my last letter I did not mail?

“Are there chords— — — — — ?
Are there harmonies— — — — — ?”

IF WE COULD KNOW !

If we could know,— if we could know— .
If we could alway truth bestow
And not disguise it in a thought
That's thin and vapory,— unfraught
With any good but to perplex,—
Be to the soul a false index;
Ah, quick! could souls then better grow,
And we could know, and we could know!

If we could know, if we could know!
Oh, quick would rise the hope that's low,
The cheek reflect the soulful trust
That wraps of falsehood shroud in dust.
If pens could dip in purity
From minds emitting honesty,
If undisguised the words could flow—
And we could know, and we could know!

If we could know,— if we could know
The best of souls and let else go;—
If we could shrive our words, and be
That which we wish to seem and see;—
Then could we be just what we seem.
Untruth be a forgotten theme,—
And trust could no more ebb and flow—
And we could know, and we could know.

Saturday evening, San Francisco, Feb. 12, 1892.

CUPID.

O thou unresting Cupid
 Why seek an occulist;—
Doest know thy joy? So stupid
 To ope thine eyes! Desist;
Desist, O learned physician—
 Resist the trembling plea;
The bleeding prayer—petition!
 O give not misery.

Yet Cupid moans in anguish—
 And moans he knows not why,
To see his Love,— to languish—
 Nor dreams to see, to die!

The indiscreet elysian
 Displays the glistening lance;—
Oh Gods!—The mortal vision
 One moment doth entrance—

One moment breathes— then dizzy—
 One moment more lies dead;
Quick Cupid— cold then is he—
 Quick sight— but Love hath fled.
O Gods! O learned physician
 Unlance the bleeding eyes!
O Gods! Hear the petition—
 Love kills and kills, nor dies.

Sunday Evening, San Francisco, Feb 13, 1892.

The letter dated Feb 9, was written as leisure and health permitted, at intervals, and finished Friday, Feb. 11, at eleven P. M. Monday morning, Feb. 14, not much surprised, I received this letter.

On Train, Saturday Morning, Feb. 12, '92.

My Dear Miss ———.

Twenty-four hours of my journey have passed. The snow-wrapt mountains cold, still and peaceful, have a tendency to make one think of scenes that are past, of pleasant association and of memories dear.

Are there chords — — — — —?

Are there harmonies — — — — — — —?

I think in a former letter you have found these lines. Someway I have not been well and almost regret my sudden departure. You are coming to New York! Are you not rapidly convalescing? and could you not hasten your preparation? If so, you could please me very

much by addressing me a letter to No. — — — street, New York. There I shall await your arrival. You know I know how much you desire that your book be first published in London; perhaps you can accompany me to that city. No doubt the sea voyage would completely restore you to health.

Pardon me for seeming indifference, things are not what they seem. I think I understand you, therefore I shall expect the letter I request.

Your friend,

— . — .

Did I answer? I did! and my letter must remain his secret. I wrote him a longer and a better letter than ever before. I admired and I loved him. He, living in the hard real, already in possessiou of a superior education and energy and determination, in his almost beyond human desire to be kind to me, and endow me with wealth, and an honest noble love; had suffered a world of pain.

Do pulpits furnish better sermons? Can the powers that rule forsake such a nature? No! Was there not more true affection in those, apparently cold, friendly letters; than in all the gush of the demonstrative and thoughtless?

"He wore the garb, but not the clothes, of the indifferent."

And did he sleep that Friday night while I finished my letter with his words too tender to be spoken, but in low whispers of evening's shadows.

"Are there chords — — — — — ?

Are there harmonies — — — — — ?"

—

Tantalizing moments they flee at length.

Chicago, Ills., Sept. 28, 1892.

His last letter, dated Feb. 12, '92, was written while on the way to New York. Did he go there? No! He ordered my letter returned to his late home in California and to that city retraced his steps before reaching New York. In my letter I had appealed to him to return. I knew success was at his door if he would but remain and persevere. I pictured to him the village school-house where he had taught school and studied law during every spare moment and even while teaching he had been admitted to the bar, before his school closed he had successfully tried a half dozen cases and had been successful where now located; yet his high ambition led him even to pass New York's Law School and travel abroad to gain a better knowledge, to feel himself more competent to stand before that bar called *Justice* and plead where it would seem many times that everlasting happiness, of his client, was at stake. I appealed to him to return!—Yes! I used all my power of thought, that the Gods who rule might influence him to return. Might influence him to save that time and save that money, which, if he remained where he had already a hold upon the hearts of many people, would give to him a cottage home of happiness—and life would be begun while hope and youth were young. Is not Lady Wilde right? I have read that she believes that it is the duty of every woman to try to make one man happy. Shall I succeed? We shall see!

This letter is dated—————.

Home, California, March 12, 1892.

My Dear Miss.—————:

Your very pleasant letters are always gladly received. You may some day understand

how welcome these visitors are. I think it is just a month since I wrote you last. Can I imagine your surprise when you find that I am writing in my office in —————. My old office!—Will you think you are reading or, dreaming? But somehow I incline to think you have suspected. More than a week has passed since I received your letter addressed to me to New York. It came two days after my return and may I say, *my dear one* that never can anything bring me more pleasure, more happiness than *this* letter. If you could know the struggle through which I passed before I could say—I will return, I shall succeed;—and after finding myself here, how could I tell you of my strange freak. No one here knew that I had intended a long absence, no person here is surprised at my return. But you, how could I tell you? Your letter came in which you appealed to me to return, in which you have outlined my plans with such accurate precision that I held my breath to believe my eyes were not deceiving me. Pardon me pardon me—my angel—my angel—my guiding star, pardon me;--- if I have taken more than a week to study and to know how to appreciate this; what shall I say—I could not think;---but I went to work nerved with such energy and strength as never before.

I have driven over the country and found new avenues to success on every hand, I am quite certain of an engagement with the railroad company and see much business pending ahead; besides, when I returned I found letters urging my return to my old home in the South.

Yes, *my dear*, I am certain I can continue as I have done, experience and study can accomplish much. If I should remain here for sometime yet, perhaps then I can return to my dear old southern home, at least I can if I choose.

But you, my dearest, are you quite well again and

what news have you for me of yourself;---for this I wait an early reply which I know I shall receive.

From your more than friend,

I did not answer this letter until several weeks had elapsed; he knew, he must have known, that where ever I was and what ever doing---my best thoughts were of him.

I had been stopping in that city of beautiful Cottages ---Santa Rosa! that quiet city in the center of one of the most beautiful counties in all California---with Petaluma on the South side, Sotoyome on the North, old Sonoma East and Sebastopol---boasting of one of Balaklava's old soldiers as a citizen---to the West. Approaching this city from whatever direction chosen, the observing landscape-artist must carry away with him a feast of memories. Santa Rosa! So named for the only woman South America has ever canonized as Saint.— And flowers! — — —

O beautiful flowers,
You come with the showers;
And many is the tale
You tell to the dale;
As you bask in the bowers--
O beautiful flowers.

Gay beautiful flowers,
You brighten the hours,—
Where e'er you are tented.
Your perfumes are scented
Wind wreathing your towers—
Gay beautiful flowers.

Proud elegant flowers
Your dignity dowers.
From silver to gold
And purples you hold,
While flushed the sky flowers—
Proud elegant flowers.

O fanciful flowers,
Your fables ore ours;
Your faces we read,
Their history and creed—
A law that empowers—
O fanciful flowers.

O delicate flowers
So strong are the powers
Your gentle heads raise.
From quick fleeting days
You capture the hours.
O delicate flowers.

O soul speaking flowers,
Your presence devours—
Cremating and healing,
Our burdening grief, stealing
From shadow that cowers;
O soul speaking flowers.

O comforting flowers,
Your charms are all ours.
And, worshiping o'er you,
Beneath you, before you,
We breathe in thy powers;
O comforting flowers.

But where was I in my story? . . . O! I was
contemplating my departure from this city when I

wrote him. I was brief, merely telling him I had been a little depressed because of my continued ill health and that until health was restored and my book *published* I could give thought to writing but few letters. That soon I hoped to be on my way East, and would he be pleased to meet me in Sacramento; if so, I should arrange to spend a Sunday there that his business might enable him to spend a few hours in visit with myself and my friend; as I never permit any gentlemen to neglect business, to afford me pleasure, no matter how great would be that pleasure. And I trusted he would not deem it improper if I should ask for a photograph.

Return mail placed under my plate the following from him:

—————Calif. Apr. 13, '92.

My Dear Miss.—

A long silence I could not understand, I saw through a glass darkly. I think I see you more clearly or understand you more perfectly.

Many an evening have I overlooked my mail to find your letter, but in vain. I wished to drop you a line, but No! Where should I address? You had gone! Where? Perhaps East, perhaps near me, perhaps far away. A surprise often is a pleasure. It was in this case. I am happy that you are happy; more happy that you have better health.

Do I approve of your silence? If your convictions tell you it is right—a duty to yourself—yes, I agree. Why did I remain silent! Because I must, not because I would. There are tides in the affairs of men that know no ebb; but circumstances often hide them from view.

My dear, Yes! It will be pleasing to me to exchange photographs. I have no good ones at present, but will send you one as soon as possible; and if you are at Sacramento at a time when I can leave my business, I shall see you there. If I do not see you there, I hope to hear from you at times. My dear, I glean from your letter that you do not feel at liberty to be your true self. When you can enjoy that liberty, please write me.

Your sincere friend,

—. —.

How I treasured that letter and carried it for weeks, yet I could not see why he could not have said, plainly:—"Yes, I will see you in Sacramento." I read it again and again. I felt certain he could leave his business upon Sunday. I feared if I wrote him he might not come. Could I endure the disappointment if he did not? I was yet too ill; I dared not risk a disappointment; even as it was I kept to my room for several days in that city. The earthquakes might have had much ill effect upon my nerves; but somehow I could endure so very little that most everything at that time seemed an extra strain upon their disordered tension. I remained there during two Sundays but did not write him. I spent three days in rich, beautiful, hospitable Woodland—said to be the richest city for its size; excepting Helena, Montana—in the United States. However this may be, it is a lovely, fascinating city, and I was made happy, very happy there.

I felt that I must again seek the coast. By way of Stockton, I passed the ashes of the Depot at Lathrop, where Judge Terry was so cruelly murdered. The Democrats in jocular, jolly mood were returning from Fresno's Convention. The Visiting Editors had crowded the trains. But my thoughts were of him, my friend,

I hoped my more than friend. I had been so near him, so near; I counted over and over the miles. San Francisco seemed not now, my home. I went to Redwood City, San Jose, Santa Cruz. But O, my loneliness ! At San Jose I wrote him a short letter about the 24th of May. As he had some former time hinted that I would meet flatterers and cautiously warned me, with all possible kindness, that there were sometimes persons whom a young lady traveling should avoid. In this letter I told him I found all persons pleasant, agreeable and experienced, a growing interest in my travel; I appreciate a compliment; I think we all like some praise, especially after hard and determined labor to accomplish some desired purpose; that no one flattered me. No ! Had he ? No ! Nor did any person, on the contrary, I find many, many like myself, hardworking students, capable of appreciating, but not of flattering.

He replied:

Calif. June 12, '92.

My Dear Miss.——

I'm very sorry you have hoped in vain for a letter the past week; but it can not be changed now; I have been engaged in an adjoining town over a week and did not return to my home here till to-day.

I received your letter on my return and was very much surprised. I had been led to believe you had forgotten your friend, I now know you have not. It revives old memories and emotions to hear from you. I may see you soon if it is your pleasure. I shall be in San Francisco in a few days. Now, my dear, it will give me great pleasure if you do not do as you did before, when I agreed to meet you. You know you never set a time. Well, my dear, that is buried and forgotten.

I am more than happy because you are being so well treated. I know you meet many kind faces and you know that it makes us happy when we know that we meet ladies and gentlemen.

My location being so far from the city, although I am very busy I am lonely sometimes. Write me here and I will give you my address in the city.

with kindest wishes,

From your friend,

It was several days before I received this,—forwarded to me to Hollister. As I had been to other places and then was just about ready to start on my journey East, I had no plans to return to the city, nor for stopping anywhere long enough to see him; still I delayed a little and tried to make some arrangement that would be a success; yet I dared not tell him I could meet him, for it seemed at that time impossible. I wrote him so; or, rather I am sure I never can tell just what I did write. It seemed too much, too much after all I had suffered by trying to be brave and strong; that, when I could see no way to turn back, this opportunity was offered.

Had I met him then, life never would have been the same again. I should have thought more of him, or less. If more, how could I have gone away? If less, could I have endured such a crushing blow just at that time? O, the agony, of a heart that loves! and still the Poet says: “ ‘Twere better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.” I felt that I had taken the initiative, perhaps, too much. I reflected over all that had passed between us, dear reader, just as you do, or just as you have done sometime when you have loved some person as I have loved him. I know

you will excuse me, I know you will excuse each of us, we are human with human hopes and affections; I have endeavored that these should be the grandest, noblest that human soul can give; and so has he, but dear reader, you see the purity and yet you see the trembling, the quivering, the hoping, the fearing. Why is this? I can only answer because it is this life, and not later. Human perfection is not yet attained.

I think that now I shall pause and send to him for the letters which I did not copy. I should like myself to know just what I did write when under that terrible pressure; therefore au revoir, reader—for, let me see, five and five are ten; yes, ten and two are twelve days —after twelve days I will give you the letters. Au revoir! Till then, how lonely. Maybe meantime he will write to me; if he does, I will tell you every word he says. Au revoir!

Chicago, Ills., Oct. 22, 1892.

Since the 28th of Sept., I have waited for my letters for which I wrote to arrive. They have not come. I do not know why he would not send them to me as requested. I can only think him a business man, and he does not wish to be so annoyed; well, I almost know my surmise this time is correct. I received a beautiful and satisfactorry letter from him, of which I shall tell you later, which was mailed before he received my request for the letters.

I will now try to remember something of what I wrote him at that time when it did seem I never could step upon the train that was to carry me away from my State and from him. O, cruel love, O cruel, cruel master! It was Sunday evening, at five p. m., we were seated in the car at Oakland pier. But could I start? No! I must wait for the next train. Perhaps he might

pass. I waited. A dreary waiting ! O, those two hours ! At seven p m., I must leave him. He was somewhere in San Francisco or Oakland. O, could he only have passed by. Could I only have seen him one half hour ! The train rolled away, away. The Sun took the last twilight from my home and my heart; the Moorlands of Suisun Bay were ghostly. I must turn away from the memory and try to tell you what I wrote him. I know I told him I could not plan to meet him. I had met him the first time without planning and the second time he was on the train which I took to return to San Franeisco. The *only* times we have ever met. I did not plan those meetings, I dared not after all those months and disappointments, plan to meet him. If the Gods so will, we shall meet without effort, and that I had tried to take his advice and wait until I knew him better. I wrote this immediately as soon as I received his letter. Meantime, I was delayed two days at San Jose and I wrote again the day I started and told him he never could know what my last letter cost me, what it takes to turn away and pass by on the other side, and that I should stop at Auburn, would he write me there ? I was obliged to direct this letter to his home inland, as I had not yet his address in San Francisco, and when I passed through that city I did not know his address there, nor did I expect to go that route when I wrote him; but at Auburn I found his letter awaiting my call.

San Francisco, June 27,—'92.

My Dear Miss——:

You shall receive the letter as requested. I would not have you take my advice if it is not a part of yourself. You know we are always best

pleased with people when they are themselves. I am always happiest when I see your true self in your letters. There is nothing so pleasing as the realty,—truth. I shall remain here but a few days, as I must return to look after future business. Please excuse this short note. I am so sad at the news of your departure. I will write more next time.

Your true friend,

It was a short letter, true; yet that one line—"You shall receive the letter as requested"—was a volume to me; as, I really held on to the office window while the postman looked for the letter I think I did not have strength to stand alone; so hopeful and so fearful, but now I had a letter. A volume in a word. I must be content, so on and on I passed, taking notes and hurrying on. Nevada city could easily detained me; also her neighbor, Grass Valley; but my health was better and I must away over the line of my beloved state; and, at Reno, Nevada, I awoke in a surprisingly cozy room in the north-west corner of the Riverside Hotel from which one can look down upon the Truckee river, a truly poetical and inspiring place. I turned from memory's scroll, you know, yes—you do. You know I stepped quicker and softer, I almost listened for his voice and sometime turned to fancy him near me. At Carson, Nevada "while joy was unconfined" and the dance went merrily on, I wrote him a letter—mentally, and slept. Days and weeks wore away. At Ogden I wrote a traveler's hasty letter. Inquired if he had found any good Photographers in San Francisco and which was it to be, Harrison, Cleveland or Weaver! Said that I had met with many pleasant people and

made many agreeable acquaintances whom I should always kindly remember; requested that he address me at Cheyenne:—

After my day's work I was too weary to write as I desired, and I anticipated the result of my short letter and prolonged silence.

At Cheyenne a letter awaited me; evidently written in a restless mood.

Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz.

Calif., Aug 2, '92.

My Dear:——

I was so pleased to hear of your interest and happiness on your way. It is true we find but few whom we wish to call friends. Many are kind and we are glad to know them. I think it makes us better men and women to meet sometimes people whom we can not wholly trust. I know men perhaps as well as most of young men do; and I know this, that many who seem friends to a young lady would be the first to cause her downfall: their motive is purely selfish, *heartless*. Little do they care for the future and happiness of pure and innocent young ladies. You meet many such, but I know you pass from their influence safely. I often wish I could meet you and tell you more about what you little suspect.

My dear, it seems to me wrong that we did not meet before you went East; you know it could have been. Well, such is life, we meet, we part and are forgotten. And we must be content.

I am enjoying life very much; I remained at San Francisco but a few days, returned to my home and work and am satisfied with results; for a few days again am seeking rest and am looking after some business

here. I have many friends here and my pastime will be pleasant. You have hard work but we all have to be cheerful; all who say "*I shall*" will succeed.

With kindness regards from a true friend.

Address to —————

Your true friend,

—————. —————. —————.

Denver, Colorado, Aug. 28, '92.

My Dear Mr. —————

I found yours of Aug. 2d awaiting my arrival at Cheyenne, and regret that I have not answered ere this, because then I should sooner receive your reply.

I am afraid I am a little homesick and a letter from California is so very, very welcome.

My dear friend—we meet, we part, but we are not dismissed from memory. I meet many who seem kind, any person would be very degraded, indeed, who would not appear as a gentleman or lady, in presence of one whom they have never before met and whom they, perhaps, do not expect to meet again.

I meet authors and am presented with their books. These persons and many others I shall always remember as friends. Meeting such people is like hearing and becoming fascinated with the melody of some new tune which is often recurring to our memory and we are soon lost in its sweet and tranquil cadences. It is music from the chords of humanity.

From this tour I am happier and am benefited. *Ænkir* and *Ænsir* have said : "Five advantages thou wilt at least procure by traveling. Thou wilt have pleasure and profit, thou wilt enlarge thy prospect, cultivate thyself and acquire friends!" I have found they were right. I have gained all these and in my memory is stored a feast of pleasant reflections.

I have enjoyed excellent health ever since I came up on the mountains in California, the high altitude has eradicated, I trust, the malaria from my system. I can walk many miles a day without tiring, and my cheeks are rosy all the time; yet I long for my California. Will you please write to me at Grand Island, Neb. I think I shall stop there; yet I scarcely know upon what route I shall proceed.

Now, my dear friend, I must bid you good-bye. When I am settled somewhere, I will try to make my letters more interesting to you.

Yours sincerely

—. —. —

I was a little depressed by his last letter; yet I tried to not admit to myself that I was.

I stopped at the new Brownstone Palace, and one morning I chanced to look over the lists of Hotel arrivals, when I saw that at the Hotel, just over the way was registered Miss Stella Standish, California. O, joy to my homesick heart, I will call at once; A Californian !

I was not long in putting my resolution into execution. She was in and received me. She is a young lady near my own age and had, I learned, spent a somewhat similar life; more strange, she too, was on her way East for the same purpose, and yet we had not met before. She had been to very many of the same places, knew quite a number of people with whom I was acquainted; knew me well by reputation; but somehow, although her name was familiar to me I had been too busy, and during the last year nearly, perhaps I might honestly say, too much engaged with this new thought of *love*, to remember, if I had really heard of her. Perhaps it was a weakness, a very great weakness; yet I

could not resist the temptation, I told her all; and let her read my letters now in manuscript form. She seemed to have no clue as to who the gentleman is, and I did not inform her; we were firm friends. I trusted her even more than she seemed inclined to trust me. She is reticent, cautious, reserved. I think I can trust her as I never have trusted any lady, and be strengthened by that trust.

She is accompanied by a chaperone who is as careful and watchful of her as mine is of me. Sad it seemed we all had mountain fever, in Denver, so hastened away, traveling together to Burton, Kansas; there I left her to go to the Hot Springs, which I had heard were somewhere on the Ozark Mountains, in Arkansas. Our arrangement for meeting again was unsatisfactory to each, yet we knew we should meet.

She was to stop in Kansas City and Chicago. I did not remain but a little more than a week in Arkansas, went direct to Chicago, stopped at the Richelieu. One morning I was out for a drive on Michigan Boulevard. When I was certain I passed Miss Standish. It was a chilly morning and we were each in a closed hansom. I was certain she was going to the World's Fair Grounds when I arrived there, I waited a full half hour and watched for her; there were too many ways, and so I did not see her, but I knew she was in Chicago. As we drove back, I called at the Auditorium and made inquiry, found she was there, and at once called upon her. I decided to go on to New York soon after the Dedication of the World's Fair Grounds. I shall never publish these letters, how could I? I wish I had the courage; but no, I have not, I think I have fully decided that when near a year has elapsed since the day I met my first real lover, and since I first learned what real love is—and know how fitful intelligent persons can be when they truly love each other; how ennobling

with all and godlike a true soul can be. I—yes; I have decided that when I have compiled these letters and thoughts of a twelve-month, I shall give them to Miss Standish, giving her an unreserved right to publish them; or, do with them as she will. They are copied in my heart, they have led my soul almost beyond the human in purity and love.

But I must return to them.

SOMETIME.

Denver, Col., Sept. 3. '92.

My Dear : Somehow I feel to-night

Like taking up my pen
In angle holding thought invite,
Let words drip now and then.
But five days since I wrote you last,
It reached you just to-day,
And over all the sad, sweet past
My mem'ry is at play.

And was it wrong that we should part

Without one meeting, *one*,
You know it crushed my very heart,
You know why this was done.
You know how forcibly it tried
To find communion free;
And, then I turned my soul and cried—
Ye Gods, I look to thee.

I gave myself up to their care—

'Twas all I knew to do,
For, could I trust my soul elsewhere
If not, my dear, with you !

And like to life with spirit fled
I struggled for a space;
As senseless as that dying dead,
But sought for spirit grace.

And thus I'll try to live The Days,
Nor let thy mem'ry rust;
They'll lead me, though in hidden ways,
Yet follow them—I must !
Sometime, perhaps, my path will turn
Toward thy way—Why sad ?
Sometime will Occult powers stern
Yield light—and we be glad.

Chicago, Ills., Sept. 20, '92.

My Dear Mr.——

I write to you to-day merely to say that I shall write you a long letter as soon as I can possibly find time.

By going to Denver I changed my route, and may not receive your letter from Grand Island, Nebraska. O, my dear one ! If you only knew me better there would be many a letter dropped in the mail-car as it passes your little city.

I am lonely and homesick, and have not yet recovered from mountain fever.

Do you think Chicago as good a place from which to send out a book as New York ? Perhaps it is going away from you so far that makes the trip seem long. Excuse brevity. I must close.

Ever the same,

Your true friend,

Chicago, Ills., Sept. 26, 1892.

My Dear Mr.—

Can it be that after many months of contemplating, many months of delaying, that now with a hope of good result to long supressed feelings and words; that I venture to what is, or will be by yourself understood as transgressing the borders of what is usually considered a young lady's prerogative, and compositively place myself before you, there to be adjudged despite all effort of words, perhaps still wrongly.

I think I have not written you one sentence beneath which there was not a deep meaning held, a something which if interpreted to each would have made, or have had a tendency to make each of us better and happier.

There is a feeling I am certain quite prevalent that from letter writing there is too often unpleasantries arising rather than that ennobling influence that radiates to glow the hearts of even others than those directly concerned.

Why can not letter writing—the effusions of our solitary meditations, wherein no weak capriciousness should be involved, but the real delights of the human heart in its ideals of high morality, virtue and perfection; here must there be frailties in nature to alienate from open hearted communion and the charm^s of virtue and the joys of friendship; be the means of attaining the highest social happiness, the highest home happiness, the highest heart or soul happiness? Why must so often arise in my mind the illustration in Paul du Chaillu's Travels in Africa, when the Chimpanzee suddenly encounters Paul; that animal beats his breast and scars with anguish of fear. Why? because he meets superior intelligence, and his deep innate nature tells him of fear. Why must intelligence fear intelligence? O the thousand and one reasons, and we sometimes seek

the very relief the Chimpanzee seeks, when with his anguish the forests ring; except that we burst the very hope powers within, and for a time are lifeless, dead. Why not contemplate for a time the remedies which counteract these parasites of happiness.

Last Spring I looked into the fast coming months. I saw, I felt, I moaned when contemplating that which they held for us, and over two of your letters you know how I struggled, like muscular action when spirit has fled, perhaps as senseless; and then I tried to be the stolid stoic they demanded.

You thought me light and changeable, and that I would not feel their lethal weight. We often pause and hesitate, debating whether this occasion is the proper time for exercise; not certain how far that exercise should be carried, and doubting if the object may not be a mistaken one. A hundred difficulties obtruding and we think we are too impressible, and gather up our immediate environments to aid in a wise decision. But O, can we not look a little deeper down and back on the grand boulevards over which we have passed and see wherewith they have been clothed; what ways are familiar. Are you but on the corduroys of the jungle, and I on the paved boulevards or vice versa? Have we had similar experiences? Are our ways now *pari passu* and mooth, is the texture and fiber of thought akin? Who said I should care for you or you for me, ah, now answer if you can. Dare you say that you deliberately said "I will seek that young lady, yes, I will seek her friendship and her love?" No! You can not say you said this; but almost unaware you found yourself doing this, and every effort to turn away you were bound tighter by the hold. This is the result of law, law that must be obeyed, or penalty is demanded. Now why this law? O, the volume in the answer! But to abbreviate; it is simply that you and I have lived

similar lives, passed similar experiences, attained similar heights, have yet similar weaknesses and struggles and there is no going away from this. We have met and we cannot forget. If you wish to, you must suffer the result of breaking a law of Nature's true and unmistakable ways. If I wish to turn from you, I must, still carry the burden of a broken law. Turn away if you will; here is a truth. You *never can forget me, never*, and you never can be as happy. I do not say this to hold you. But I do say it because it is my duty to you and myself; and then I have done all I could; and I will not have to suffer as much as if I had not done all my duty demands. If you choose to work with me and for me and I the same, there will be no unremovable barriers to a reasonable amount of happiness. You can look back the few months and see what happiness might have been had we so done. I have my work and you have yours; yet there could have been, and can be yet, that freedom of understanding—that working together—if you choose, that will result in ever present happiness as well as pave to the future.

I remember to have said in one of my letters that there are volumes waiting and so there are. I wish you knew me better.

I am not trying to make you have confidence in me. I wish you to see me as I am, nothing more. I have been depressed, deeply depressed, because I have seen how far and foreign your thought of me has been from correct; especially depressing was your last letter, yet it was from a more than friend's heart, it was brotherly, more, it was from you. It was nobleness that prompted such advice and such hints; that unmistakable nobleness I saw in you at first when I read you. I have trusted you as those hints indicate I safely might. I have never been mistaken in you, nor given you more praise than is your due. But you have feared I might

so read others,—have I? No no, I have had my work and have done that work straight, steady, always excusing myself from others, and passing on, caring for nothing but ultimate success.

I have met noble characters enough in my life to contemplate upon a high ideal of association, if I ever have a home in which to invite such, and shall be as steadily and hopefully working for that quiet home, as though I knew I should succeed. I am not easily diverted, you must have observed, from a fixed hope; else you might have driven me away long ago. It would seem almost that this letter contains sufficient to prove to you my constancy! I will say no more, except this one question. Is it kind of you to not permit me to have a photograph? some times I have thought it quite unkind.

How you have drawn me near and held me away.

Trusting this will have a tendency to make each of us happier—I enclose it—not in icy wrappings; but with the warmth of a true appreciative affection, and in the care of the Gods who guide us, it leaves one, who is yours.

—Calif. Oct. 2, '92.

My Dear Miss——:

Yours dated at Chicago, just received. It gives me great pleasure, always, to hear from you. It is because many of our thoughts are in common, because, as you have said, "Our lives seem to have been similar," and struggle to attain our ideal on the same pathway, our ideal to attain the formost rank in our professions. Though our professions lead us somewhat differently—yours to literature, mine to law,—we are both striving for humanity, for humanity's sake. Yet, why

complain? All successes call for our utmost efforts. The result of to-day adds to the power of to-morrow, the power and success of to-morrow depend on the ambition and energy of to-day. We work, we strive, we hope, we endure, we reap our reward.

My dear, I realize, I think, fully, how much you have sacrificed, and denied yourself by going East as you did. You could not do otherwise; I could not; hence it was, I suppose for our good. I think you understand the implied meaning of every line I have written, you have filled out the sentences, which I have only outlined. You have understood me in full. I think I have done likewise with each of your letters. I have carefully analyzed each thought, each word, and I think I understand you.

I understand and appreciate this letter more than those of the past. Could I do what I would, I should be happier, you should be happier. The fates that rule our destinies, sometimes seem cruel—yet it may be kindness in disguise. My dear, do not ask me to say more now, I must not. Do my letters depress you? I am more than sorry, because I wish to make all happy, yet, sometimes I fail.

I am glad you have progressed so nicely with your book, and hope to see it in print soon. I believe Chicago will be as good a publishing place as New York. It will take much energy to start it properly from either place. How do you like the East? I shall send you a photo as soon as I can get a good one. I shall go to the city in a few days and have them prepared.

Now that you are settled for a time can you not write to me often? I need not tell how much I am interested in you, you know already.

I shall look for a letter soon.

In truest friendship, from your wellwisher and true friend,

UNHIDDEN.

Oct. 1892.

Still yet thy look steals o'er me, dearest,

Thy last fond look before we parted,
Unspoken words lie closest, nearest—

In memory of the true hearted.

Still in thy eyes I see unhidden—

And quivering lips that held love's telling—
A heart's deep love, though yet forbidden;
Thou canst not bind love's tender welling.

With pulsing rush, and chords unbroken

And sighing breath, and soulfulness;
From heart to heart its quickening token
Is born in passion's tenderness.

Is born in tenderness of passion,

And like a stealing, phantom vision—
Unheeding fear, or hope, or fashion,
Enfolds unmindful, sweet elysian !

Sweet elysian, soul uplifting,—

Uplifting shadowless;—and even
O, dearest; love is breathing, drifting
Eternized spheres in highest heaven.

Eternized spheres of the Eternal,

The spanning measure of love's hours—

With waiting wants of the Infernal—

Else falls; when tasting not love's powers.

Chicago, Ills., Oct. 16, '92.

My Dear Mr.——

Your letter, dated Oct. 2d, arrived in due time, which was on Thursday morning, the 6th; having been the shortest possible time on its long journey.

I can only measure the miles now, by days; once I could afford to count the distance between us; painfully so, too, sometimes.

From Woodland, Sacramento, and you so near; when I read your reply to my Sacramento suggestion, I interpreted, and knew my destiny. Yes, I sometimes think I can too well read outlining, too well; but again sometimes the network can be too intricate, even for any percept, or concept; and there may linger an apprehension that maketh ever the heart weary, uncertain and sad. I can not more deeply define my meaning, you would not wish me too, nor would you in the least explain if I did; and perhaps I should not intimate my surmise; yet were it explained, much would be clearer to you, at least—perhaps not to me. But, no; I must not, cannot know. You say, why complain? I do not, I shall not, why should I? Do I not know there are powers ruling? I do not denominate these as Fates. I would not wish to thwart their purpose; resistance is useless, and more, is wrong, when the command is in the positive; desist, make not life harder!

You know I have had no choice in anything concerning this, nearly one year's events in our acquaintance-ship; I think I am past that trying hour, almost, when I would think of asking, suggesting;—merely accepting. Do not mistake me, I am not complaining of you; I can not, I see no reason why I should; so please do not construe any thought into the least appearance of complaint of your course; you know I am too generous,

and more, I am too just to blame you or myself. I know and see the forbidden ground upon which I must not tread; but from which, or upon which I may some day be liberated. I think in all the world, there is not an hypnotic power that could affect me; I could not be sufficiently passive; but here is a power against which I have been helpless. And you are right, it is for our development. I often think—and have asked my dear watchful chaperon—does every young lady pass so many hard and such trying experiences as I? Her reply is that I have a better developed and more positive character than others as my reward. When I had been some time in the Grand Hotel at Santa Rosa a young man inquired of the hostess if I was a man-hater; as, he added, she never looks to the right or left and seems as if she were afraid she would accidentally see a man. His question, when related to me, hurt me. I did not wish, for humanity's sake, to carry such a look. I think from this remark you can somewhat see how I have passed by the small portion of the world's people on my way. Chicago seems not as pleasant to me as San Francisco. California is more to me, yet perhaps I may wander much, as my dream of visiting the balmy South, I hope to realize. I am so very glad that you can see I do not treat others as I did you. It has hurt me to have you intimate such a possibility; yet I knew you would think so, having anticipated; almost at first I tried to make you understand. I am alone very much, yet since traveling, I do not feel quite as much so, as I think a few more persons, more clearly understand me than I expected to meet; this is to me indeed a great, a deep satisfaction. In that great development that leads to the *OM*, the One Spirit to which all must return, each stands alone, *absolutely alone*. I think, in the succession of lives, it is always during that period of activity when we are un-

dergoing just what you and I are at present undergoing, that most development occurs.

In no other way, and in no other trial, is it, or can it be possible for any spirit clothed in mortal house so to develop as when honestly suffering the apparently cruel master, *Love*.

Where is there purer love than I have given you; ask and answer yourself the same question; then be true to yourself and you will be æons in advance of where you were ere the meeting from whence sprang this twelve-month correspondence.

Time forbids more now, and may I expect a letter soon?

Yours sincerely,

_____.

Calif. Oct. 28, '92.

My Dear Miss.—

You closed your letter by saying: and may I expect a letter soon?

My dear, I can not refuse what you request and what gives me the greatest of pleasure.

Miles are between us, yet our thoughts are together. we think and realize much of the same; our idealizations seem to inspire one the other, as you have said, much is in common in our lives because we have lived under similar influences, and our faculties are developing in the same cycle. We are to-day and in this age outlining and building for future realization.

It oftentimes pains me much to see such numbers of

this humanistic race, oblivious to all that thought, action and truth, which makes life worth the living.

How many of us live without a purpose. You see them each day; I see them. We pass them by; they follow but fall in the misty past.

They never taste of the true pleasures in life; they bask not in the true sunlight of happiness and true love. Love, to them, is a misnomer, a thing not known by its true nomenclature. They are brought into existence, they exist, then pass—"Beneath the low green tent whose curtain never outward swings."

Let us stretch the hand of memory forth. Have our lives been the same as others? Have our dreams been dreamed before? Have our ideals been idealized ere we acted? If so, they are still new to us.

I hope time will guide us with a true hand ever onward, onward till we are crowned with our life's noblest realization.

My dear, you have earned a better lot than yours. Your work is very hard. You have proven woman's truest virtue, you will attain her highest and greatest realization.

Be cheerful in your work, you have done what few women could have done. You shall reap a rich reward, you shall be happy. Earnest endeavors realize complete success; complete success promotes true happiness and love.

With kindest wishes,

Your true friend,

— . — .

Chicago, Ills., November 7, '92.

My Dear Mr:——

Your welcome letter was received last Wednesday morning, and now 'tis Monday; Sunday is past, our day of rest and relaxed tension experienced upon waking to know that this, is Sunday morning. I sometimes fancy that even the eyes of the animals look brighter and sparkle more with soulful felicity; and almost joy with us upon our blessed Sunday morning.

While the day advances and muscles rest, it is then that thought feeds most. Thus our week comes on, and—"As prosy as going to work upon Monday morning"—should be a fallacy.

Yesterday it seemed almost that old grey Tom, my daily visitor,—he comes up through the back halls and stairways, says; "Meow, meow!" at my door, nor can he be induced to enter another,—played even more languidly, and in his eyes a more wistful look, told deeper thought than other days. Dear old Tom, his is a sleek and shiny coat now since he makes these visits. Nothing is that does not appreciate and grasp at cultivation, urged, but not forced. Here, almost a stranger, I have at least one friend by whom I shall be missed when I shall have gone to follow on in the path of my day-dreamings. My good, grey Tom!

Well! My dear one, many thoughts are always left unwritten. I will now try to catch up some that have fallen by the wayside. Want of time often compels a sudden termination to letters; it was so my last one was finished and rushed away to you. You say: can I not write often? I am crowded with work, but shall try to do my best in this. I lived a Summer upon that one line in your letter to Auburn, "You shall have

the letter as requested," and your two last letters are a world to me; yes, from one from whom I could ask and receive instruction; and feel that pride which shelters and must receive shelter beneath the canopy of superior education, or soon the tide of love is changed. Yes pride, were I not proud to even think of you, it were different. My dear, I am proud, I am *very proud* of *you*. And your good judgment, I know what it costs you to exercise such judgment even though your spirit has been so cultivated. Do not feel badly because of limited means; you will accumulate; by and by you will know all has been well. One day Time will unfold, and his arms that, as you say, seem cold and cruel now, will be warm and loving, and we will understand. Please let the above remarks be a comfort to you; even the diamond is trimmed for added beauty.

Sometimes when I go back to the physiology of human existence, and realize the wisdom there, I promise to always appreciate and never deprecate opportunities. I see how they can shed off the animal soul, build up the human soul, and live in the richness of the spiritual soul, that lives since Eternity rolled. When we no more need the human soul, we no more need this human life; yet long this trinity must continue. Triumphant spirit, going, coming, and of its return, how diversified are opinions; some believe it to return to a human home when the first breath is given; all know it departs, when the last breath departs; others, more nearly allied to science, believe the spirit to be first essential before development of human form can begin; while a vast and mighty number believe that spirit returns when human motion begins in the electrical shock that sets the human form or machinery in motion and departs when the last quiver ceases. Yet does it matter so much at what time; we know it returns, bringing its accumulation of Eternity. Through another span

of human life it develops as is aided, thus until assimilation needs not to work must the spiritual soul return. O, beautiful law of evolution ! Why not contemplate ?

“There are chords in the harps of humanity !”

There are harmonies — — — — — !

There are parallels !

Why not contemplate !

Can a spirit fall from where it has—not seemingly—but really, evolved ? Can a spirit that has occupied a graceful, return to occupy an angular form ? Would it ? Not if true evolvement had been. Would a spirit as yours ever occupy an ungentlemanly home ? I must incline to the opinion that such spirits are far beyond retrograding; and safely can a young lady always trust such a gentleman.

Did I know you ? You see now why I thought I knew you. Had I been mistaken in you, psychology would then to my positive satisfaction, have been proved a fallacy indeed. Little has the young lady, or young man, to fear, if they have so studied, when he or she finds love enchain'd. Study the quality of the blood as it manifests, in its multitudinous ways, every feature and expression, form and contour, motion and repose; when we feel that we are a subject for study, then will we endeavor to elevate ourselves, in our own estimation, and beneficially so to mankind; and thus grow into symmetry and balance. Everything has a tendency to accumulate of its kind. Let not unhappiness accumulate.

An advanced and noble young man might think to marry, cultivate and educate a young and inexperienced lady, hoping that she, one day, by his aid and efforts could become his ideal. Does he succeed ? Ah, that

is a question ! Has she attained to his standard of nobleness ? No ! else she would have been capable of that which he desires her to become, and would have been *now* as advanced as he desires she should be. While he waits for her to grow, she holds him back; he is fettered and environed by her selfishnesses and whims that are and must be, as yet, unlaid aside; and himself, with the great numbers of others he would have been unavoidably benefiting, are held back, and the loss to humanity immeasurable.

It may occur to you that this rule works both ways; while I repeat—seek *parallels*.

Not too many are like the boy Hal, thoughtfully unmindful of unpleasantries, and unwilling to be fettered.

Bob and Hal were successfully flying their kites, when Bob made some remark that would have angered Hal. Says Hal: "Bob, I'd be awful angry with you, but I have'nt got time, 'cause you see, while I'd be thinkin 'bout it—our kite strings might get tangled, or we might let 'em get loose, an' all our good fun gone to the dogs. You see Bob, I never thought 'bout getin' angry, can't 'ford it, aint got time. O, see Bob, your kite's higher 'en mine ! But I've a heap more string, 'cause t'other time when you thought you was angry at me, an' didn't work, an' said mean things, I never minded, but just kept right on huntin' up strings."

How few like Hal have no time to be hindered; but diligently seek the ball of success, that they may always have reserved force at hand, therefore are not jealous when another's success *seems* greater than theirs.

It must take the strength of upward growth for ages to acquire a spirit as Hal's.

The charms and dangers of passion. Ah, these are
the keys to the great Soul of the universe!

Hot from the furnace of sorrow
To be molded as metals, are men;
Pressed in the clamp, and to-morrow—
Be what ye would never have been.

To grieve if a soul is unhappy
Is to make it happier—soon—
And its shadows, so mortally trappy—
Unveil as a zenith's bright noon.

Disrobe it of sordid surroundings,
Evolving dark dust to bright grain;
Quick action, deep fathoming soundings,
O soul ! Thou art happy again !

My dear, it has seemed to please you much that I
have written so openheartedly of late.

Had we desired really to be friends, we would, I
think, have met with a little less difficulty in attaining
that height in acquaintanceship where misunderstand-
ings are not. But, no ! we were lovers ! And each
lacking just a little in this knowledge of which I have
been speaking.

Therefore, time and trial sought to prove if there
were attributes that would stand test.

Now, more than two thousand miles apart, we know.
There are harmonies to be guided, protected and
revered.

Not listless do we pass them by, nor unheeded and
unfelt, do they fall

And the photograph! Have you been, or shall you go to the city *purposely* for that?

I did flatter myself that I should find a photo in the Post Office at Cheyenne, Wyoming. It would have been a great pleasure to me, and been my traveling companion in its neat little frame; I should have kissed the dust from it every day, and the eyes of no other person should have looked upon it.

My dear, this last hour it seems that I have been standing behind where you are sitting, with arm around and hand upon your forehead; once or twice I have drawn your head back and looked down into your eyes. I tried to be so gentle you would not know, when once I raised my hand just a little and upon your forehead placed a kiss. More of the time, still standing behind you, with my right hand falling over your shoulder, your eyes and mine in sidewise glance upon the floor, has the passing hour let me thus talk to you.

My dear one, another kiss and I am gone to read your last two letters once every day until I receive your next, which will afford me a pleasure I trust you may early incur..

“Are there chords— — — — —?
Are there harmonies— — — — —?”

Your true friend,

From the highlands of nature, the still and sparkling springs lead to the placid streams, yet beyond are the cataracts, and the troubled estuary. Do we look beyond, or, follow down the rugged ways? We enjoy with intensity. Then turn to other of nature's work;

look back upon the cataracts, but to admire; while the estuaries we sail around in pleasure yachts, scarce knowing they exist. And the great Ocean of life bears us on to other days, other lands, and on, and on, to other lives. Should we accept the lives of Samuel Johnson?

“ Most helpless man in ignorance sedate
Rolls darkling down the torrent of his fate.”

Is man so helpless? If so be that he fetters himself!

Were I a Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, I might continue in sermon style. But, happy thought, if I continue to copy my love letters, perhaps some one, one day, may offer me a few thousand dollars, for one of them, as did Robert Bonner, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. If so, unlike Mrs. Beecher, I probably shall accept the offer.

At all events would not the tinge and pallidness of sorrow rise less in many a mother's cheek, if every young lady, and every young man, should endeavor to reach a supreme climax of perfection in love-letter writing. An infant seed, to a veteran growth, that never dies, never surrenders. And upon whose pages are folded in a stimulus to upward growth not too often found upon historical pages, even from the Plantagenets to Queen Anne. To weigh, and to measure by swing, as the locust branch ever in waftage. Write ones best, and, being best, preserve it.

Quick steps blow the servant in grey;
My dream said: “ Sure, a letter to-day.”

Calif., Dec. 10, 1892.

To my dearest:—

To-day I am able to be up after being quite sick, and am able to again think, and write you a note in place of the letter for which you have so long waited.

Your letter has given me *very great pleasure*. I can not express what moments of joy came with it. Let imagination build the picture, that its outlines may be faultless, and its tints of delicate hue. I often say, why can not fancy's creation be photographed and carried by vibrations of ether to the gallery of Nature's Ideals. Then could we stand side by side, our hearts tuned by that well ordered law, admire, be charmed, and be lovers. Let us but look and see the beauties of harmonies that are cherished. Let us hear the music of souls that reflect the beauties and charms of nobleness. Here are deep hidden treasures which alone can be revealed by the great teacher, Nature; and alone comprehended by those who possess the golden keys that open the portals to our true self, our soul, our being.

It is a source of great comfort and lasting inspiration to have sympathetic friends appreciate thoughts penned from the dictates of our inmost *soul*, the sentiment we try to breathe and make a part of our true self.

As we are, we reflect images always true; I do not say I am worthy of what I write, but somehow through my conscious being I feel a high ideal inspiring, leading and drawing me to noble thoughts, consummating in higher and purer characteristics which I hope will develop into a character worthy to be called a true man. He who can feel and act may hope for new realizations. Our "Savior" is strength of character forever to do and will to succeed. What we *will*, we are.

Our ideal should be honesty, our purpose the agrandizement of ourselves to achieve success for the ennoblement of the human race. Our purpose to do, our action in doing, our success in succeeding, and peace in a duty —well done, are our heaven of truth, of justice, of ideals. Noble ideals produce virtues, moulding our character in the clay of nobleness, leading toward the perfect, con-

summiting in God-like conceptions of the real—the true soul and self of our *being*. My dear, I wish your vision of my presence were real, my enjoyment would be as great as yours. The tender caress of one who loves is worth worlds of words penned by the aid of the imagination, being guided by hidden emotions.

I know Chicago well. It seems my home and you seem nearer to me while there. Yet how far! How painful that word “distanced!” It sinks deep in the hearts of lovers, while none but these can feel its pangs. As we weave the warp and woof of *our being*, life makes another evolution, receiving the smiles raised from the seeds of our ideals. We can be our ideals. The real shall not mar, detract from, nor obscure the sunshine of true love. By it we live and have our being, developing into more perfect manhood, or womanhood, guided by *Truth* and *Virtue*. My dear, I hope this may find you happy,—I should be sad to see you unhappy—and enjoying the ice-bound city—Gem of the Lakes.

Good-bye for this time; with regards to your friend and kindest wishes for my dear friend.

Your true friend,

— — —

Louisville, Oct. 25, 1893.

Love, O love of the ages dying,
Love, O love of the new born morn ;
Love, warm from lips that are scarce cold, lying
Pure as their spirit heavenward born ;
And sweeter than all things else to know—
Tell me, O why do I love you so?

Lulling my slumber in sweetest of dreaming,
Quick'ning the pulsing, and painting the cheek.
What, Encyclopedia ! You tell the meaning ;—
Not in thy language doth love ever speak.
Its ink is the heart's blood, the eye is its voice—
Its pen Cupid winged.—O love, I rejoice !

So truly you steal where the heart has forbidden,
A king in your robe, a sceptre to leave ;
Becomingly, frankly, tender, unhidden ;
O whispering echo, what fabric to weave ;
O loom of the life threads, what come ye to say ;—
Shall I love, and in loving, shall life go its way ?

Why did I write ? Why should a person write anything ? The very best guide, it seems to me, most times, is to write because you have something to say; and you feel, almost, that your very flesh and bones would depart from you, if you remained silent; then analyze the why of these forcing thoughts; and if there are to be found no seeds of malice, or that worse, and should be *passe* thing, jealousy inmixed, but, a juxtaposition of thoughts which shall unite to uplift atomic particles—of, it matters not what nature or condition—then write ! Never fearing for the an-
ulosed condition of the thread of your life. And never look backward—Lot's wife like—to crystallize.

If this is not obeying the over Dictators, Guides, Masters, Gods; then it is as nearly doing so, as your present self-consciousness permits. And is evolving that same self-consciousness rapidly toward that consciousness of which there is no evolution. Thou, most Holy One.

And this last letter, O, the pain of the hour of the first reading;—Who could receive a letter displaying a character more nearly perfected. Yet I could have torn it into shreds, and let the playing flames of the warm open grate ashen the bitter ink. Could I but gathered up one page, that would have told me how and why he was ill! 'Twas a test, a test that proved me human.

I had almost believed I could love his spirit and be satisfied. But, No! No, the human soul asserts. I was not brave enough to write and wait for answer. Winter was coming again. Could I repeat the last winter's experience; or, ask why the elysian threatening? O—could love but he buried for a time! From sea to sea is there no hiding place for this ethel power? On Trinidad's minaret rocks, can not the rolling wave and wreathing spray bind it there? No! Transcribed upon the sand cannot peaceful San Diego keep it there? No! Black Hills of Wyoming or, desert of Arizona, have these no secret caves? No! The mammoth cave refused to hold it for a night, and all day long did the good guide try to tangle with the stallactites my burden and keep it there, but no! In the waters of the Allegheny, and Monongehela, in their never ceasing journey to the gulf, not there; At-Naples-on-the-gulf, in the roar of Niagara, no!

IMPLORING.

Pittsburg, May 13, 1893.

You stars deep set in blue,
Can love die hid with you?

O tell me!

Love's wound can never kill—
If it be living still
Dispel me

Sometime ! I reason why
Falls tear dews from thy sky
On clover.

Loves held in starry keep,
And eyes that cannot weep,
Watch over.

Watch over, O I pray,
In round, and round alway
Restoring

My dream. A love may be
This same night, stars, to thee—
Imploring.

'Tis not,—'tis not alone,
That goes to thee my moan
Unweeping.

Loves,—loves that can not die
Look ever to thy sky
For keeping.

CHIDE NOT THE STAR.

Baltimore, Md., June 10th, 1893.

No other love can ever hold,
But of the strength by poets told;
And growing as the world grows old,
What lesser love could win me ?

The sweetest flowers love to tell
The secrets of the hidden well,
Where Cupid's piercing arrows fell.
What then if they betray me ?

The smallest star that twinkles bright,
Deep looks into my soul to-night;—
Then laughs because it has the right
 To so behold my lover's.

Chide not the star, that it doth know
The path wherein our love doth go;
If flowers sweeter there do grow—
 Because they know our loving

Quench not the well to desert thirst,
If flowers tell its secrets first;—
The Archer in his skill is versed;
 He's old as stars in glory.

The flowers, do not please expose
To winds the scorching desert knows;
If love will show its scars to those
 True comforters of lovers.

Unfolding, these do love embalm;
Are savor, and its hours becalm;—
The star if twinkling a psalm
 The distanced lovers know it.

No other love can ever hold,
Would die—if these were never told—
A molten metal love of gold.
 What then if they betray me ?

Ah well! “ A day is as a thousand years, a thousand years as a day,” and the century is fast gliding away; and to those to whom it hath whispered its dying secrets, they are rich! Rich with hope and love. The evening voice of a dying century speaking low, and

deep falls its import. Hold, O soul, and listen, and listen ! Fie, fie to the glamour, and bauble, and tumult of the world; know it not! It may be a Rosicrucian secret; or, an eidouranian vision, but somehow there is so much true happiness to enjoy that pure love sweetens,—who could chide. No, stay love till flesh grows white, and the rosy bloom of life blood is no more needed—then “White Lotus” unchanging live forever!

Unveiled simplicity may warm the chrysalis, and from the holocausts of the heart roses bloom, where thistles fell.

If my reader is a young lady, she may not do as I have done. I would not advise she should. But I beg her not to believe my friend, my lover, to be an exception. There are hundreds of young men as good and worthy; make yourself worthy and such will find you. Seek not to put yourself in a position they should occupy. Leave to them their paths of labor, that they may seek you with a home, the birthplace of happiness and cradle for humanity. I make this appeal to your heart. Why ? Because happiness is sweet, because the Infinite One offers you its wealth; because one day I wish you to invite me to your home, and there tell me, that when you read this you went to your room and dedicated your plans for the future, upon that which hath brought heaven to you and yours. That as the ore trembles before the magnet, but is held, you kept these higher principles, which brought to you quickly a cabinet of pleasures. A golden Age!

But when my reader is a young man, “the noblest work of Divine Wisdom,” then what shall I say to him of you, dear lady. He will know you have read this book; perhaps you have marked a thought here and there, which he will re-read to know how it impressed

you; and he is deeper in love than before he read the pages from which your eyes have just turned.

I can say little to him; he is one of the many of a noble class. How could he be else?

We can not teach him. O, altruistic man ! Master and friend, through the decades and over the summits of centuries, thy praise is sung, thy spirit worshipped.

Now I must leave you, dear lady, and you are better because you have loved, better because you have been loved.

Better because he loves you!

Better because he loves you!

Are there chords, — — — — —?

Are there harmonies— — — — —?

And now a few more months have passed us by, the last envelope has grown thin by the action of a kind of life which it must have unconsciously adopted while it seemed to be listening to, and watching over, that throb, and throb, and throb, which when absent, human life is invisible.

One day in New York City, as I was on my way to the Post Office, to inquire for mail, I realized somehow, strangely—not suddenly, but with natural quiet feeling of assurance that "I shall find a letter from him," and my next realization was "I have it!"

I walked away toward the Brooklyn Bridge, my hand hanging by my side, clasping tighter and tighter the thin letter until my arm seemed paralyzed, almost, and dark and various colored dots seemed to flit before my eyes; still walking on, I philosophized:—"Am I in such tension with life's action that the correspondences are visible to myself. Do I see the action of my own heart as if in vivisection? I see! I see—and yet I seem near blind—I seem to see spots upon the sun, and yet

I am not looking toward the sun; and with each throb of my heart various colored spots spring forth before me. I see the sun's and my heart's action like a wheel within a wheel, giving corresponding action.

O, heaven, am I a part of this great Universe? must I be; or, "the Universe fail?"

Still the correspondences play on. "I have not fainted, I am not ill. O, I am grasping that letter as if it were the motive power of the Universe I would still."

By degrees I loosed the grasp of my hand upon that letter and in the same degree I could again see; the spots on the sun and my heart and its corresponding spots in the same degree disappeared.

I was some distance upon the Brooklyn Bridge, the question "What are you making of life?" seemed to be asked me: or I inquired this of myself.

A boy, on a donkey, rode by; I said to each "what are you making of life?" A little hunchback miss, driving a span of goats, stopped for a moment near me. I said: "what are you making of life? An old man with feet turned in, toiled on his way, lifting one over the other, and the other over the one. I saw in each step the reversed arc of the pendulum with its measurements of motion and force of gravitation. All seemed describing the same arc, or wave, or roll of time: "Passing On!" Here was my answer: "Passing On!"

Unconsciously, almost, I raised my letter, picked little bits from the end of its envelope, drew it from its case and read :

To Miss_____.

"I could not, nor do I now understand your long silence.

I have often been anxious to know what you are making of life——”

It contained little more, nor did I care to find more than this, then. “Better one glance more and one letter less; or, better one glance than a hundred letters.” True, true there is a physiology, as well as a psychology, of love! And all life is passing on. I stood there, again the wheel within the wheel rolled round. Centripetal and centrifugal forces in harmony weaving. The one having no limitation to its outward vibration, the other no negation to its power to weave finer and more compact the central portion of the web; the one weaving into concreteness, the other, abstractness. One instant I seemed on the outer wave in the humiliatory depths of the concrete. There I—I must have all there as I would it should be. Illusion, negation, limitation bound me, blinded me, I was helpless. I sought the centripetal wave.

One dizzy moment of flight, I felt myself the very essence of happiness. A speck, an abstract atom of calmness and love. Play on, O shafts of time. Play on: Call them what you will, lifetimes, cycles, manvantaras or what you will.

A grocery wagon was driven by, behind which was haltered a large beautiful horse, that at some little fright jerked backward and sideward, snapping his halter-strap from the wagon, and over the railing he fell with a thud to the sidewalk below.

The eye that a moment before in frenzy rolled was in possession of another power; ghastly then was its appearance. Rapidly as the horse had fallen, was the ever-push and passing on! No pause!

I wrote him a short letter, not detailing as to my silence, I could not; then immediately departed from New York, leaving direction that if answer came to my last letter—I wished not to be informed, nor the letter

opened; but placed with all the others. When I shall have found some wild garden of Eden, near a beautiful placid lake, I shall order all these letters, in the original hand-writing, carefully enclosed in a casket just large enough to hold them;—and I shall bury them Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust, very close to the edge of the lake; and pray that from the first waters that shall pass over and through these letters, into the lake, shall spring up a White Lotus which shall bloom upon each day of the year that brought me a letter from him, and that from the first earth and dust of these letters shall grow in like manner Lilies of the valley and White Forget-me-nots;—and if music shall be played near by on these days, that upon the surface of the dust and upon the surface of the water beautiful bars of original music shall be formed, so difficult that none but the Gods shall be able to interpret and play them. And so the old Gods and new Gods shall thus find and furnish music to the highest civilization that eons shall behold. And that all lovers who shall come there to listen shall partake of Love Everlasting. And that paths from the North and from the South, East and West, shall be smooth trodden by the many coming and returning; for each who shall listen to the music, bathe their hands—servitors of the soul—in the lake amid the Lotus flowers, and carry away a spray of Lilies and Forget-me-nots shall by their power to do this, prove that they may soon reach the lesbian shores, where loving is—"without the pain of loving."

The wave has gone forth, it will return. I shall know him when we meet. I shall at once speak his name and he pronounce mine. The cognizance shall be mutual.

Only once we shook hands. My hand was gloved. Was it ominous? O, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omni-present OM. Teach me all that I may know of thy best nature and best gift to man.

Better that I did not meet him as requested; such memory could not be otherwise than painful. The parting—so long! And the ghosts of Suisseun! Does he ever pass those Moorlands?—In the witchited hours of night's shade—Ah!

Love! O beautiful shrine I bow before thee and ask—what next?

No coarse law of government can say from these letters that he loves me.

Only by the psychological law of the Gods shall we be first to bathe our hands in the lake amid the Lotus flowers; and we shall be first to pluck the Lilies and the Forget-me-nots. And in our footsteps to and from the Lake, shall the softest mosses grow.

By my faith, O, Omnipotent OM, I am saved the wasting of energy by regrets.

By my faith, O, Omniscient OM, I am taught to lock this love in the casket of sacredness.

By my faith, O, Omnipresent OM, I am taught to preserve the casket in the globe of holiness.

And because *I know*, O, OM, Thou, All in All! Father and mother of life. My ear has not been deaf to the voice or voices from the land ye dwell in. Sleeping or waking I have heard the call from the land ye dwell in; and sometime, I believe, there shall unroll before me a beautiful white scroll, bearing this imprint:—

“You shall have the photograph, as requested.”

Are there chords, harmonies, memories?

Harmonies, memories, chords—

Memories, chords, harmonies.

The small clock's slim hands are at xii. The rain begins to fall. The dark is dense without. The wind

must have found some new creeping place, where it lost the coarser shell of the echoes caught up from dreamland far away, far away. And now I know that he is dreaming. The clock ticks loud. The drops of rain are large and slow and heavy. A mirror is before me, and I know that he is dreaming.

Are there chords — — — — — ?

Are there harmonies — — — — — ?

Are there memories — — — — — ?

—————

It is nearly a year since the above was written.

A letter from a friend in the South lies upon my table which was written a few months ago. In this the writer, not dreaming of my interestedness, tells me that a friend of his in California has recently written, that if all goes well with him, he shall visit the South near Christmas time, in celebration of an anniversary of his becoming acquainted with that most divine power —Love, and be accompanied by one whom he could wish should be his more than one lifetime.

AN EVENING'S IDYL.

Pale beauty of the Idyl,
Faint glimpse of dying eve,
Enfolding in thy riddle
Of poets weave—
The key-tides of the hearts sweet,
The tender, sacred flower
Unfolds, Love, thee to greet
In evening's hour.

Two rainbows radiant,
Ebbed where the shadows go.
The inner sky low bent
In jeweled glow.
The diadems of light,
The ottar of the flowers,
The Idyl of the night—
Ah! Love, is ours.

A fiery jealousy—

The cold dead North awakes
To flush the southron sea,
And light the lakes.

The moon man sinks in mist,

Dimly the west sky lowers;
The Idyl, evening kissed—
Ah ! Love is ours.

Pale beauty of the Idyl,

Enflamed to fire of night,
Unfolding all the riddle
Of love's delight.

Still, now, the pulseless flowing,
Softly,—night tide at rest—
The Idyl passeth, knowing
Our love confessed.

“ I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step has brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest ; as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.”

TIS-SA-ACK.

A Tale of Yo Semite Valley, California.

By STELLA STANDISH.

The scenes are laid in the Yo Semite Valley, Mariposa, Tuolumne, Stanislaus and Merced counties, and in the groves and vineyards of Fresno county, also including sketches of various parts of the State, and ending at Sutro Heights, San Francisco. By all critics who have read the story it is pronounced the best romantic production upon California, and a work of great interest to all parts of the State. It is dedicated to the visitors of the Yo Semite Valley.

Tis-sa-ack—a tale of Yo Semite Valley, California, by Stella Standish—is wonderful, weird and beautiful; sublime in language and plot. The interest never flags. It is one of the spokes in the wheel of progress that will do a great good to the world. I pronounce it the greatest production of the day.

MRS. ROWENA G. STEELE,
Late of Merced Argus.

Tis-sa-ack, by Stella Standish—a grand and beautiful poem. A fine work of literary art, from the boundless and fertile imagination of this young and talented authoress. In graceful and easy manner she glides from the realm of fancy and lofty imaginings to the useful and practical realities of life. The line of demarcation is so artistically and beautifully blended, like the colors of the rainbow, merging in each other that the period of transition is scarcely visible. It is the effusion of a truly poetic soul, and will find a place soon in the world's literature, for its style is impressive and weird, yet simple; its tone beautiful and uplifting, its contents bracing and inspiring.

JAS. BATTERSBY,
In Merced Express,

Tis-sa-ack, a Yo Semite tale by Stella Standish—a weirdly witching story, is of special interest to San Joaquin Valley and all California ; yet, the unqualified merits of the work are such as commend it as an important addition to American literature of the purest, sweetest and highest order. A boldly brilliant master-piece of composition by a California girl.

Hon. G. M. RADCLIFFE.

In Merced Sun.

Tis-sa-ack, by Stella Standish, is a beautiful California story, and we shall all like to read it when published. Stockton Mail.

Tis-sa-ack is one of the most fascinating and natural of western romantic poems. Happy is the person who can study and learn to love nature through the medium of such a wholesome and refreshing story. Miss Standish has attained an enviable position as a writer, and no person has earned a better right to be ranked among our foremost western authors.

J. C. LEVENGOOD,

Teacher of Eng. Lit. Modesto High School.

, Tis-sa-ack, a tale of Yo Semite, by Stella Standish, whom I believe to be gifted with genius of the highest order. It is written in the noble trochaic verse, and has the charm, beauty and sentiment of Hiawatha and the Finnish Calevala, and will soon find a place among the greatest poems of the century. A well merited position with our truest and choicest geniuses awaits the young and gifted author. The story is a glorious picture drawn by a master hand.

HENRY G. GILLINGHAM,

Modesto.

Tis-sa-ack is too good to be published without being largely illustrated.

J. DEWING,

Dewing Co. Market St. Book Store, San Francisco.

Tis-sa-ack contains an opera.

J. M. HUTCHINGS,

Author of "In the Heart of the Sierras."

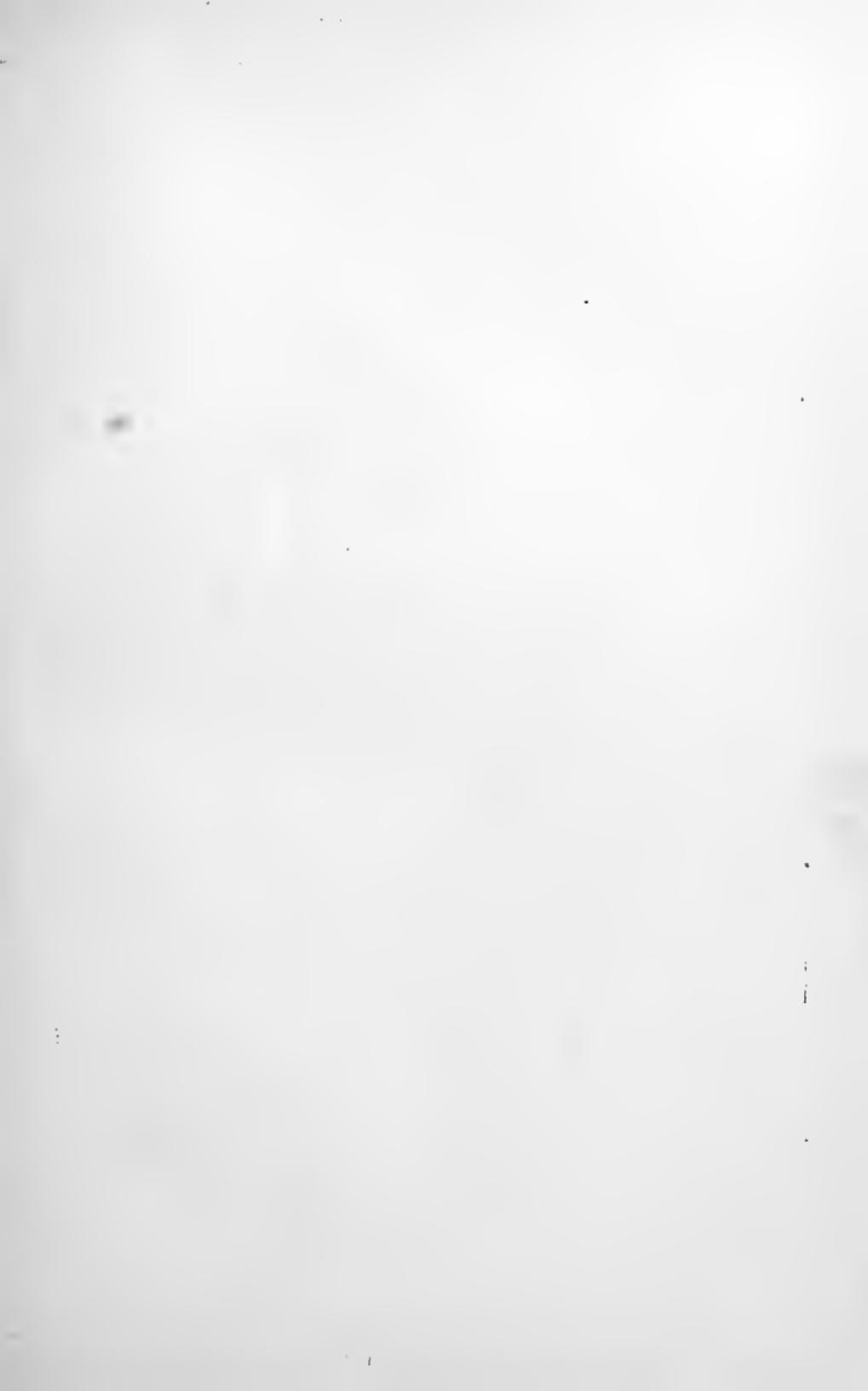
Are there Chords In the Harps of Humanity?

BY STELLA STANDISH.

There is much of real pathos contained in these letters. They have the appearance of being a true history of some human heart that has loved and lost.

The exquisite pathos that pervades them throughout is remarkable, and gives promise of the author's future success in the field of fiction. This series of letters, however, has too much of the transcendental to be appreciated by the common run of readers. To the chosen few whose psychic sense has been cultivated to the proper degree of refinement to appreciate the exquisite *spirituelle* of the letters, the book would be interesting. But it is above the comprehension of the common herd who buy and read books for amusement.

E. T. R., *Literary Critic for*
DONAHUE, HENNEBERRY & CO., PUBLISHING HOUSE,
CHICAGO.



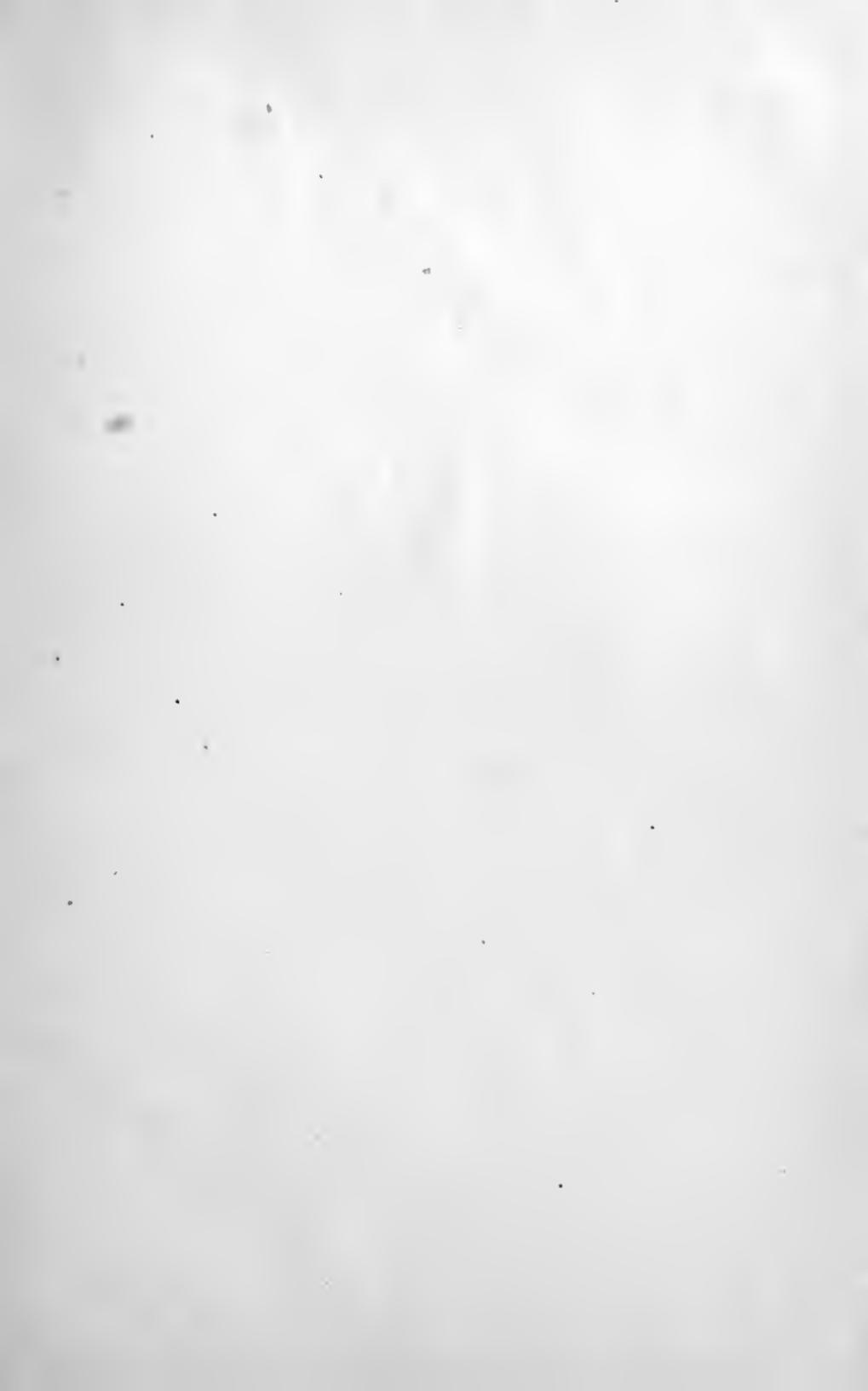


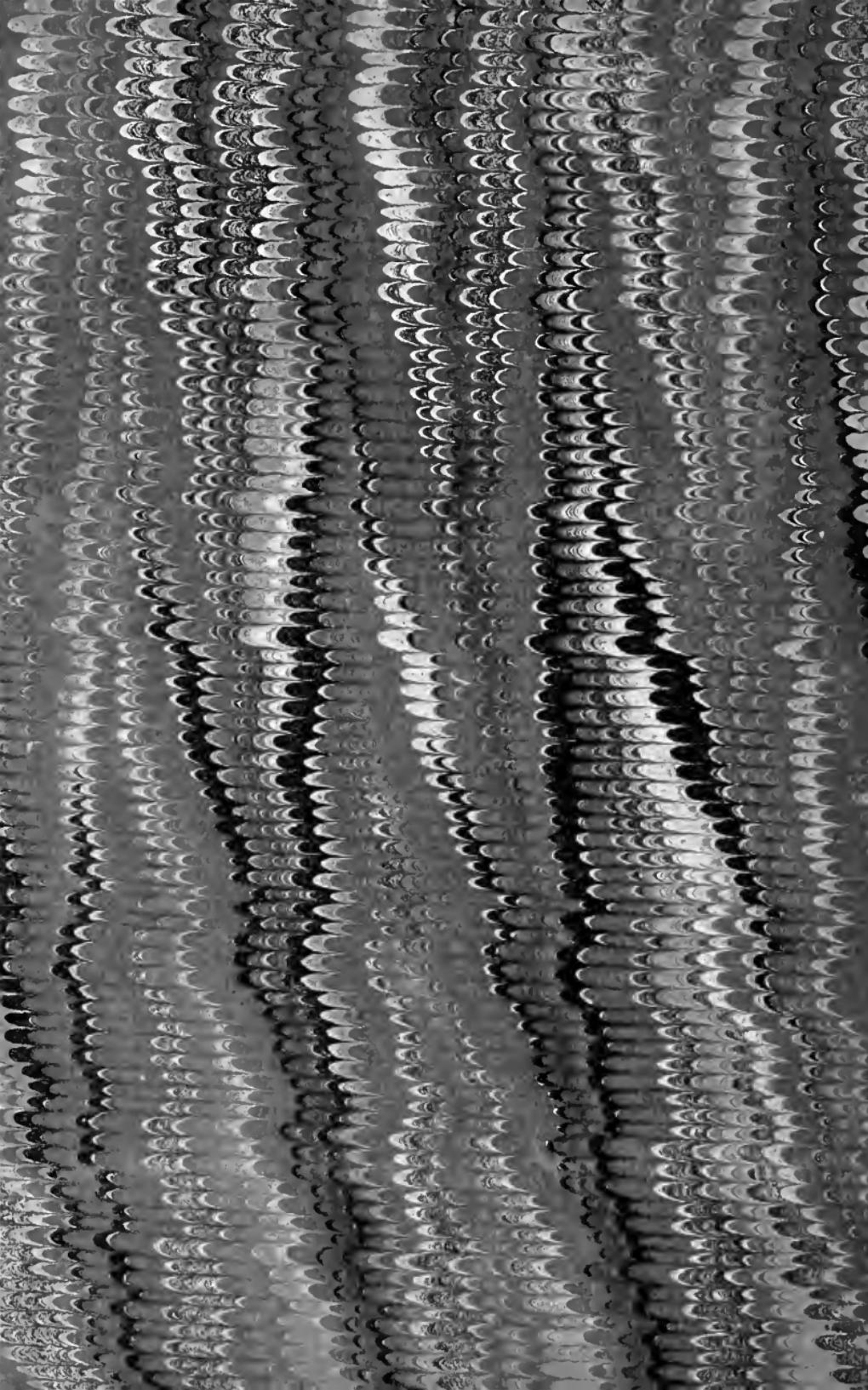


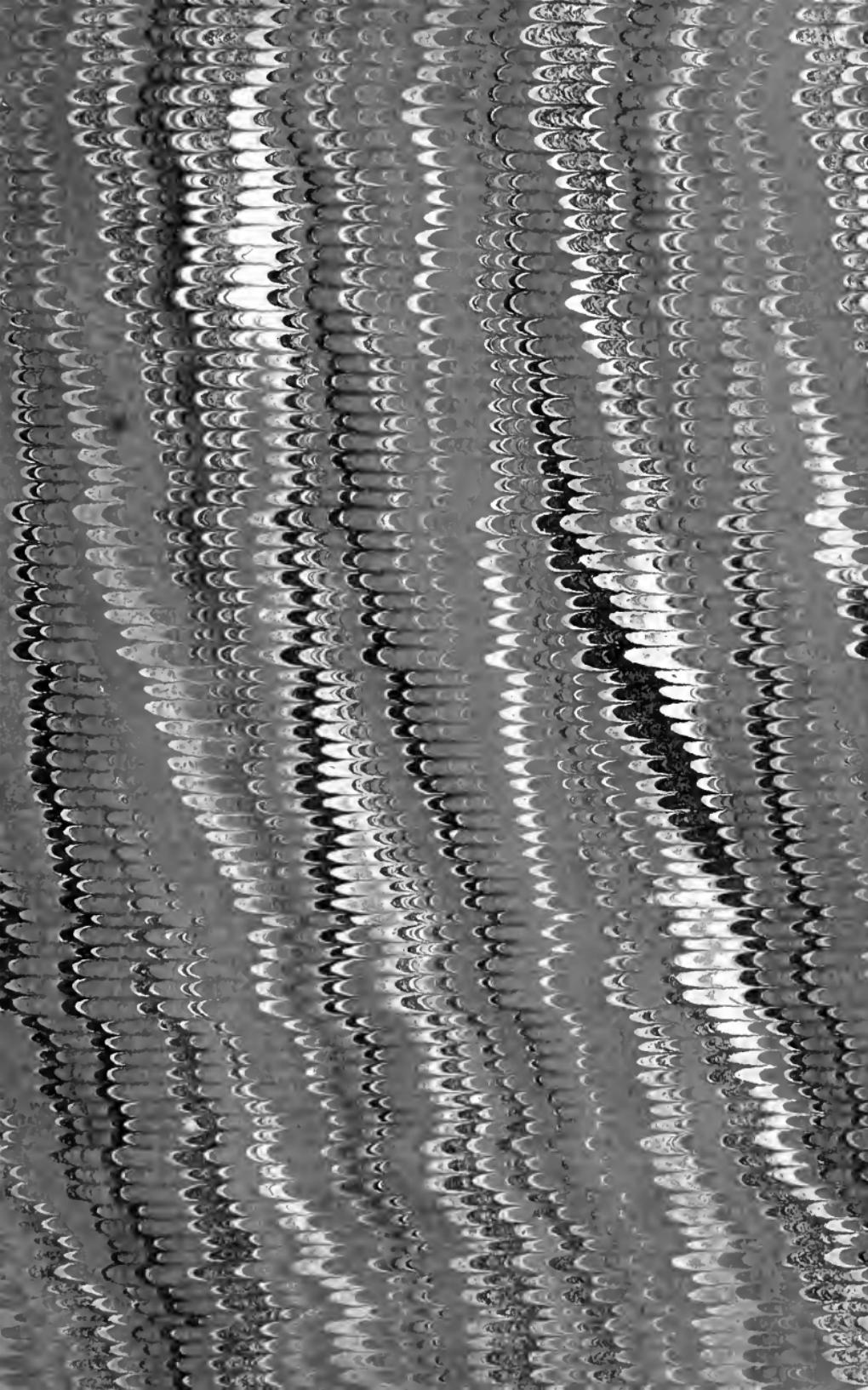












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